

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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'The Young Musicians', by J. M. Moench: from an exhibition of seventeenth-century pictures by European Masters (see page 26)

Britain and the Common Market

By Alan Day

The Sacrificial Society

By Godfrey Lienhardt

The Organized Author in America

By Geoffrey Wagner

Growing Up Faster

By Alex Comfort

Milton's God

By William Empson

Musical Thought in Russia

By Boris Schwarz

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The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1632

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Get In or Keep Out?

ALAN DAY on Britain and the European Common Market

THE choice which faces Britain, with regard to our policy towards Europe, is starkly simple. Either we offer to join the Common Market as a full member, accepting the letter and the spirit of the Rome treaty, or we stay right outside. The six countries of the Common Market—France, Germany, Italy, and the three Low Countries—have made it abundantly clear that the time for any possible compromise is now past. For months they have been making plain to anyone with ears to hear and eyes to see that they have no intention of establishing any special economic relationships with those European countries who find it impossible to join their Economic Community. The Six have no need of us; if we join them it must be on their terms. Hence the lack of continental reaction to the oddly reticent offer by Britain to join the two parallel institutions to the Economic Community, Euratom and the Coal and Steel Community—and hence the apparent failure of Britain's revolutionary (and at the same time amazingly bashful) offer to consider joining an all-European customs union. It is we who are the suitors and the Six who can impose the terms.

The great question, which must be decided soon, is whether we shall make an offer to accept all the rules of the Community. It is a great question, because the answer to it will determine the whole path of our country's future economic and political development: and it must be decided soon, because the European Community will in time be so set in its ways that it would be hard to take us in, and because it is likely that the steam will go out of the pressure of Britain's need to enter if we delay too long. I say this, because I am sure that we shall not meet economic or political disaster if we stay out; what will happen will be a steady

decline in Britain's influence in the world: our economy will be less dynamic than it would be if we joined the Six. Our prosperity will increase, but more slowly than it might; our industrialists may hope to enjoy privileged markets in the Outer Seven, but may lose far greater chances in the Six. And we should not count on continuing favours from the Seven—there is nothing to prevent our new friends from striking their own bargains with the Six, if they come to realize that we have failed to establish an all-European trading arrangement.

Still more important to my mind—because I am nationalistic enough to want to maintain Britain's influence in the world—is that we shall lose politically if we stay outside. The three circles theory has had a good run for its money since the war, but now Britain can no longer claim to have a special strength because of her triple and special relationships with the Commonwealth, with the United States, and with western Europe. Events are showing that the Commonwealth is an amiable enough political institution, but little more. As for our special relationship with the United States, we ought to have taken warning from the fact that Americans never seem to talk about it, except at Pilgrims' dinners and other such reunions. The special relationship is no more than a power interest to Washington: it survives as long as we are America's strongest ally, and not a moment longer. As for Europe, if we stay outside the Common Market, we find ourselves with an odd bag of friends in the Outer Seven, including three neutrals—Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland—and also our gallant oldest ally, Portugal. In the simplest terms, if we do not get involved in Europe, we shall find ourselves in twenty years' time remarkably like those tourist advertisements for Britain in the

New Yorker—quaint, charming, pleasantly prosperous, and rather ineffectual.

I believe that we must offer to sign the Rome treaty as it is, without asking for any exceptions at all, and doing our best to persuade the non-neutral members of the Seven (Denmark, Norway, and Portugal) to follow us, as they almost certainly would. I would not try to abandon the neutrals in the outer Seven; in practice Sweden would probably follow us and her Scandinavian colleagues into full membership of the Community. As for the likely intransigents—Austria and Switzerland—I would suggest that the newly extended European Economic Community should make special arrangements to bring them into an all-European customs union, or free trade area, without demanding any of the political commitments of Community membership.

The Rome Treaty

The question, then, is whether Britain can sign the Rome treaty, just as it is. I believe the answer is a plain 'yes'. The surprising thing, in fact, is that the British Government has been willing, at various times, to accept almost all the commitments that would be involved. The tragedy, so far, is that it has been unable to accept all of them at the same time. In 1958, in the Paris negotiations for an all-European free trade area, we were willing to accept all the paraphernalia of majority voting, rules of competition, harmonization of social policies, a common transport policy and common fiscal provisions—almost everything except the customs union principle of a common external tariff for all Europe. Then, with the failure of the Paris negotiations, we regressed into the fundamentalism of the agreement for the little free trade area, signed at Stockholm. Ignoring all the concessions to reality which had been made in the Paris negotiations, the Stockholm agreement was limited as far as humanly possible to establishing a free trade in industrial goods and as little else as could be. Now the Government is apparently willing to consider a customs union—the thing which was unthinkable in 1958—but seems to have forgotten all the other advances it had been willing to make at Paris. If it could fit together its 1958 position and its new 1960 position, and try to disregard the intervening aberrations, it would find that only two considerable barriers to joining the Common Market would remain: the problems of agriculture and of freedom of labour movement.

The Government's willingness to consider joining a customs union is an amazing advance. Until recently, the doctrine was that we must maintain the power to fix our own tariff against non-European countries, in order that we could maintain Commonwealth preference and the principle of free entry for Commonwealth goods. This argument has never been wholly convincing, because of the precedent in the Rome treaty for the non-European countries which have special relations with France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy.

Tricky Problems in Agriculture

The only really tricky problems with regard to the Commonwealth arise in agriculture: and here lies one of the main reasons for a rapid British decision, before the Six have finally determined their agricultural policy. The real snag is that we and the Six protect our own farmers in different ways; we allow quota-free imports of foodstuffs, generally at low or no duty, and help our farmers by paying out subsidies. The general continental pattern is to restrict imports by quota and high tariffs, and so keep internal food prices well above world levels.

Our best hope on agriculture is to bargain for a tariff-free quota of imports of foodstuffs, as can be allowed to us under the Rome treaty by a provision which might have been expressly designed for our benefit. If we could bargain for a continuation of tariff-free entry for our present volume of imports of Commonwealth foodstuffs, or tariff-free entry for all our imports of foodstuffs where our chief supplier is the Commonwealth, the outcome would be excellent. In fact, this is probably a little too much to hope for, and the agricultural solution will be the outcome of complicated bargaining, in which countries such as Australia and New Zealand might also hope to obtain freer entry into continental markets.

But even if the worst came to the worst, and we had to accept

the whole of the continental system of protecting agriculture—a most unlikely outcome—then the effect would not be tragic. If we had the same tariffs and restrictions as the Six, our consumers would have to pay something like 10 to 12 per cent. more for their food—say a $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. rise in the cost of living. At the same time there would be big increases in the Government's tax receipts and a reduction in its spending on farm subsidies; this money could be used to lower other items in the cost of living and increase pensions and family allowances. Still, this is an unlikely extreme—and fortunately so, since 'dear food' would be an effective popular rallying-cry against entry into the Common Market. A reasonable guess is that all we need fear is a 5 to 6 per cent. rise in food prices—say 2 per cent. on the cost of living over ten years.

The other popular rallying cry—which would show up the trade unions as the conservative bodies they are, and almost makes me thankful for a tory government—arises from the provision of the Rome treaty for freedom of labour movement. Yet here again a glance at the treaty shows that the position is not so alarming. By the end of the ten years' transition period it will be necessary to allow workers to move freely in order 'to accept offers of employment actually made', and to be allowed to continue to live in a country after working there, on conditions that still have to be determined. In other words, Italian workers would have far fewer rights here than, say, West Indians have. They would be allowed in only to take a job actually waiting for them; they would be allowed to stay on if they become unemployed only after satisfying conditions which could be firm.

Trade Unions and Foreign Labour

All of this is a big advance on our present policy, and should be a useful relief in times of shortage of labour. But it would not lead to a flood of foreign labour: the trade unions are free, for example, to put pressure on employers not to offer employment to people who cannot speak English fluently.

These, then, are the two remaining difficulties: agriculture and labour. They are real, but certainly can be overcome. There is still a more general question: that of our control over our own economic policy—everything raised by the emotive word 'sovereignty'. What the Europeans are really doing is amazingly little understood in this country. This is the more the pity because they are making a grand political experiment—something really new and exciting. What is happening at the moment is neither the creation of a federation nor a mere international co-operation: it is something in between. Perhaps 'confederation' is the nearest traditional word: 'a union of independent states which consent to forgo a part of their liberty of action for certain specified objects'. But this does not describe the position sufficiently, because two principal features of the European Community are excluded: the presence of a powerful supranational executive (in the form of the Commission) and the growing importance of international pressure groups representing special interests.

On any sensible definition of the word, the Community is not a federal union, and even though many of its founders would like it to become one, there is no necessary reason why it should. The members are committed to the principle of an 'ever closer

(continued on page 38)

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will include

'Picasso and the Image'

by John Golding

a consideration of the artist in the light of the large retrospective exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery

The Independence of the Congo and its Repercussions on the Rest of Africa

A discussion by B.B.C. correspondents

The independence of the Congo may affect the future of other states in Africa. In 'From Our Own Correspondent', broadcast in the Home Service on July 2, Thomas Barman, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent, questioned Lionel Fleming, B.B.C. Commonwealth and Colonial correspondent, in Leopoldville; Douglas Willis, B.B.C. East Africa correspondent, in Nairobi; and Peter Flinn, B.B.C. South Africa correspondent, in Johannesburg

Thomas Barman: At this distance, the independence celebrations in the Congo seem to have gone off well. There seems to have been hardly a ripple. Is that right?

Lionel Fleming: Yes. Of course, one has to qualify these things; but the 'alarm and despondency' stories that had been going round beforehand did not eventuate. There were all sorts of stories about Africans breaking shop windows and selling Europeans' cars—and even wives—to one another. There seems to be no basis for that whatsoever; the racial relations have been perfectly good. I have been literally rubbing shoulders every day with Africans in huge crowds, and nobody has caused the slightest unpleasantness.

Barman: You feel safe personally?

Fleming: Yes; when I have finished this broadcast I shall walk home in the dark from the studio; that is about how safe the town is as far as I am concerned.

Barman: How about the new Congo Prime Minister's speech? I said things passed off without a ripple, but was not that a rather ugly incident when he attacked the Belgian regime?

Fleming: It seemed to many of us the most unfortunate and unnecessary thing. Some might have said King Baudouin had been perhaps a little paternalistic in his speech, but it was a curious occasion on which to launch such an apparently embittered attack. And I would like to go back a little on the question of tension: there is always the possibility of tribal troubles in the town; one can't tell.

Barman: Now, Kenya: all these great changes in Africa— independence for the Congo and Somalia, and now also the Ghana republic—is this leading, would you say, Douglas Willis, to greater pressure for changes in Kenya?

Douglas Willis: There could not be greater pressure than there is already or than there has been since the Lancaster House agreement. The African political leaders in Kenya have never accepted that part of the Lancaster House agreement which implied that the change would be a timeless one: the African political leaders here want 'Independence Now', that is their slogan. In fact, they know very well that the elections are coming up at the end of the year or in February, and then a new

parliament will be elected which will be basically an African one, with an African majority. The Europeans here will want that parliament to run its full course for four years, but that is not the African idea. So that whatever happens in the rest of Africa does not alter the trend of events here in Kenya. The African political leaders here are very politically conscious; they know what they want and they will continue to go out for it as quickly as they can. They have sent telegrams of congratulations to all the four countries that became independent this week, but they themselves want telegrams back congratulating them on achieving their own independence. I think it is as simple as that.

They have their own problems to deal with. The Africans in Kenya are split now into two very positive groups: the Kenya African Democratic Union which was formed last weekend, and the Kenya African National Union which has been formed for some time. The Democratic Union has not yet been recognized, so they are sparring between themselves and keeping themselves busy. The Europeans, for their part—the United Party and Michael Blundell's New Kenya Group—are divided; they are sparring for position as well. So that there is plenty going on here, and while they are conscious of what is going on in the rest of Africa, they have enough between themselves to keep themselves occupied.

Barman: Now, what about the view in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland? Flinn, you were in the Federation recently. What do they think there about what

some people have called the Belgian policy of scuttle in the Congo?

Peter Flinn: All the white people in the Federation feel the Belgians have cleared out without preparation; in fact they feel that here in South Africa too. But there is a difference between the two countries. In the Federation the main argument of the white people is that they are bringing their own Africans on as fast as they can. They have not managed to get many Africans into the Administration, but they say they cannot go any faster—not as fast as some people in Britain want them to do, apparently. Then—although most of the Africans in the Federation would disagree with this—compared with the Africans of South Africa, there really are not all that many qualified people in the Federation.

Barman: How do people feel about it in South Africa?

Flinn: It has had much less effect than people in Europe seem to imagine. This is a very old established country. It is rich and well organized, and it is not to be disturbed by relatively poor newcomers. The South African Government does not allow interference in its affairs, and it is worth noting that South Africa



Mr. Gaston Eyskens, Prime Minister of Belgium, signing the Act of Congo Independence at Leopoldville on June 30. On the left is Mr. Patrice Lumumba, first Prime Minister of the Congo, who signed the Act on behalf of the Congolese Government

does not interfere in other people's affairs. They feel here that if the Belgians decide to create a new state, South Africa officially recognizes it; and then only privately do the South Africans say 'the blacks will make a mess of it'.

Barman: Are they not afraid that these developments in the Congo might set a dangerous precedent so far as their own African population is concerned?

Flinn: We are separated by several countries from the Congo. South Africa, right down at the very tip of the continent, has always traditionally been isolated from the north. The connexions here—trade and culture—are not with Africa at all but with Europe, and South Africans think that they can keep it that way. They believe that they can go on being different.

Barman: Could we go back to the Congo and ask you, Fleming, a question which must sound perhaps too obvious to you. What is the feeling there—are these new people capable of taking over the government of this fairly complicated country?

Fleming: They have been thrown into it very quickly, and time will have to tell. Watching the new parliament last week, one had the feeling that these are people who perhaps have not learnt to manage the machine yet. However, Lumumba has, to me, the appearance of being a strong man who knows where he's going; but he would have to be a fairly strong man to hold this country together, because other influences—tribal influences, mainly—are pulling in the other direction, and, if they went too far, might in fact disintegrate the country.

A 'Stiffening' of White Officials?

Barman: Is a stiffening of civil servants from Belgium remaining behind?

Fleming: Yes, certainly. I think it looks as if the country is going very much on the pattern of Ghana as far as administration is concerned; that the higher positions will remain in European hands until Africans can take them over. You may even find what happened in Ghana—that you get more white officials than ever before.

Barman: We have read reports that there was a prejudice against the whites and that perhaps many of them would not want to stay, even if they were guaranteed positions. Is there any of that kind of feeling?

Fleming: It may be there. Many of the whites here are probably watching to see which way things go, but it has been noticeable that political speeches by Lumumba, Kasavubu and others have all punched the idea that they want the whites to stay and help the country; which is common sense. It is too complicated a machine to manage without outside help, and they do know it.

Barman: Looking to the future, which is a difficult thing to do, would one foresee any serious tribal difficulties, or have they been resolved by this peculiar political combination which has been created?

Fleming: No, they have not been resolved. In fact it is possible that the tribal influences may have been strengthened. It depends on how long Lumumba's team can hold together, how long they will be satisfied with his policy, and how long the rather suspicious eyes of the tribal leaders in the provinces will look on it approvingly. But in the meantime there is the machinery there by which it could work.

Barman: Willis, in Kenya and the Federation, what would you say the natives have expected of these developments in the Congo?

Willis: I cannot speak for the Federation, but certainly in East Africa and in Addis Ababa last week all the Africans were terribly worried about how things were going to go in the Congo, because they felt if there was chaos, if there was anarchy, if there was worse, this would hold back the pace of independence throughout the still dependent parts of Africa. So they sent off telegrams to the Congo; they asked the Congolese leaders to get together please so that everything would turn out all right and there would be no trouble. At the same time, Europeans in Africa, particularly in East and Central Africa and further south, were feeling that

there might be trouble and they were perhaps slightly hoping that this would be an illustration of an African capacity to handle their own affairs. In fact, it has all gone off peacefully: what the future holds nobody knows, but I think that the Congo has got over its first hurdle.

Rioting in Somalia

Barman: We have heard here that there has been trouble in Somalia. Can you tell us anything about it?

Willis: There has been some rioting there; it is said that twenty-two members of the Somalia Opposition parties advanced on the parliament building and that one man was shot dead, two were seriously wounded, and that some of the twenty-two were also wounded. Whether this is a lasting thing or whether it has happened in the general excitement of independence I don't know. At this moment, Somalia has only one great ambition, and that is to create a greater Somalia, a union of all the Somalis who are in French Somaliland, in what was British Somaliland, and what was Italian Somaliland; and there we have the British and Italian Somaliland gathered together in the Union of Somalia. They are now looking first of all towards Ethiopia where there are something like 1,000,000 Somalis, and then to Kenya, in the northern province, where there are some 60,000 Somalis. Their ambition is to bring them all together, but it may seem after the news we have just heard that they have to settle their own differences first.

Barman: Would you have the same sort of trouble inside Kenya if there were independence there?

Willis: The Somalis in Kenya show little sign at the moment of wanting to be incorporated in a Greater Somalia. There is one Somali organization called the Somali Youth League in the northern province but it is very loosely knit. The main body of Somali opinion is in Nairobi—the United Somali League—and they look inwards to Kenya, they do not look outwards. At the moment I would say all the Somalis in Kenya are happy to be part of Kenya, and as far as the Somalis in the Union of Somalia are concerned, they told me in Addis Ababa that the first launching of their campaign will be in the direction of Ethiopia.

Barman: Has the new Congo State got territorial demands, Fleming?

Fleming: No, except there is the possibility of a link-up between the Bakongo tribes on both sides of the river—that is, in French territory, but I don't think this is being taken seriously; at the moment it is more a sentimental urge for unity than a practical thing.

Barman: In the factors that lead the South African Government and those who sympathize with it to criticize what goes on in Africa, would there also be this factor—that what is going on now would lead to great political instability and territorial claims, and so on?

Flinn: What I would like to emphasize and where I agree with Douglas Willis is on the possibility that Africans here and the whites have been watching the Congo as if it were a test of whether the African can rule or not. This is particularly true for Nyasaland, because here is another country which has few educated administrators among the Africans, and they are constantly being told they could not run themselves. I suppose the Congo is a test case for them. Here, in South Africa, after about three centuries of opportunity—given by white rulers—the Africans of South Africa could provide enough graduates, doctors, lawyers, and business men to fill two or three Congo parliaments and half-a-dozen Cabinets.

Katanga, a Key Province

Richard Williams, B.B.C. special correspondent in the Congo, speaking in the same programme, said:

Throughout all the political in-fighting and the public quarrels that preceded the coming of independence in the Congo, Katanga was always a key province. What happened here would have a powerful effect on the rest of the country. Katanga is geologically a part of the Central African Copperbelt: it produces

nearly 300,000 tons of copper every year. There are other minerals too, like cobalt and manganese. A few years ago uranium was also important, but the demand has fallen and production is running down. Copper, which sells on the world market at about £250 sterling a ton, is the main source of Katanga's wealth. Last year, more than half the revenue of the Congo came from this one province. As a result, there is a growing feeling among the local political leaders that Katanga is being bled white for the benefit of the rest of the country, and getting little in return.

The impending departure of the Belgians stimulated an already existing demand that Katanga should manage its own affairs and have only a loose association with the Central Government. That is a policy long advocated by Conakat, the majority party, which now forms the government in Elizabethville, and the coming of independence seemed to be the time to carry it out. For Mr. Lumumba, this was a real threat to his vision of a strong and unified state, controlled from the centre. A conflict between him and the province was therefore inevitable, and it is far from being resolved yet. For the moment, Mr. Lumumba can be said to have won, but the elements of stability are not there. It was only the last minute intervention of the Belgian authorities that dissuaded Mr. Tshombe, the Provincial Prime Minister, and his Conakat Party from declaring Katanga a sovereign state, even before June 30: the declaration had already been drafted and was about to be submitted to the Assembly—where Conakat have a large majority—on June 29. This would have been illegal under the basic law governing the transfer of power, and it would certainly have wrecked the Belgian intention to hand over power to a Central Government of a unified Congo.

The Vice-Governor-General of Katanga, M. Schoeller, warned Mr. Tshombe that if he carried out his plan there would be no alternative but to arrest him and his colleagues. So it was dropped, but the situation that led to it remains. The real power now resides with Mr. Lumumba: he controls the 25,000 strong Force Publique, officered by Belgians and commanded by a Belgian general. This well-disciplined force has until now stayed above politics, and even the large contingent stationed in Katanga is reported to be completely loyal to the Central Government. Mr. Tshombe has other problems, too. Cartel, the Opposition Party, has boycotted the Provincial Assembly and, until the law was changed, deprived it of a quorum. Now it has gone further, and set up a rump government in the north, with consequences yet to be seen. The actual business of government by Africans in Katanga has barely begun.

Some of Mr. Tshombe's Cabinet colleagues are woefully inexperienced. It is not easy to turn a postal clerk or a small trader into a Minister of State overnight. It is in this field that I have heard the sharpest criticism of the Belgian authorities—that they did relatively so little to educate the Congolese and to prepare them for the responsibilities of government. In this sense the end of Belgian rule is very different from the British leave-taking in India. No wonder that M. Schoeller, in his parting speech, spoke of the enormous tasks ahead. Mr. Tshombe has big plans for Katanga. They are only vaguely formulated yet, but there is certainly great scope for development once the political situation is stabilized. To help him he will have a large force of trained Belgian administrators who love the Congo and want to see it prosper.

The Gamble in Land

By WYNDHAM THOMAS

IN the last few months the cost of building land has rocketed, particularly in and around London, Birmingham, and the larger cities in the southern half of England. Sites with a value of £2,000 an acre a year ago, with planning permission for housing, now fetch as much as £10,000 an acre. Even higher prices have been quoted. A new house in Hertfordshire was sold for £3,800 last year; today an exactly similar house fetches £4,500. The high cost of land is being passed on to the house-hunting family.

This is the land which has been allocated for development in the county and city plans for the period 1951-1971. Now that the last parcels of it are coming on to the market, the price soars. Twenty years' supply has been used in ten years, and earlier estimates of economic and population growth round these prosperous centres are now seen to be serious underestimates. More land must be allocated for development. The simple planning question is: *where?* The Government is firmly committed to safeguarding the wide green belts drawn round our big cities and towns. Since the land already allocated for development is now virtually all taken, speculation is growing as to which new land will be zoned for building. Between the inner edge of the green belt and the edge of the already developed area of the town or city it encircles there is usually a 'buffer zone' left white on the plans.

It is this 'white' land on which large sums are now being staked in the hope that in years to come it will be destined for building. Pressures are growing, too, on the planning authorities to bring this land into their development areas. A favourable planning permission in a white area can mean the difference of many thousands of pounds, between a rowing-boat and a yacht in the Mediterranean. For without this permission the land will have only an agricultural value. Outside the green belts, in towns and villages with easy access to the metropolitan centre, the same speculation and same pressures are found. Planning officers now no longer refer to 'white' land; instead, because the stakes are so high, they call it 'gold' land.

It cannot be denied that there is a large and growing demand for more living, working, and travelling space in the regions centred on our more prosperous cities. These regions, especially London and Birmingham, are still attracting a disproportionately large share of new employment growth. People follow jobs, and the drift of population from the north and west is still of worrying size. In addition, couples are marrying younger, population is growing faster, more people are living to retirement age. As the size of different age groups changes and living standards rise, more and more people want separate homes. The present population of Greater London, for example, will need a further 250,000 dwellings by 1971.

The growing demand for space being generated in these regions is no passing phenomenon, and the planning question is where this new growth should take place. The choice seems clear: either we permit an endless number of sporadic growths all over the countryside, or we seek to concentrate this growth in a relatively small number of places by expanding selected towns outside the green belts. Some expansions would be a few thousand population only, others a few score thousand. To these expanded and new towns we could attract factories and offices, so that people might live close to their work, employment levels and congestion in city centres might be held down, and strains on transport lessened—or at least prevented from getting worse. The present new towns and schemes for town expansion around London have proved that this can be done, and with abundant success.

The financial problem of planning is perhaps more difficult to resolve. Planning, by selecting which land is to be developed, confers monopoly values. Everyone agrees that no one should suffer financially as a result of planning, and that all those who do in fact suffer should be fully compensated. It therefore seems only fair that at least some part of the increase in land and property values which public planning brings about should go to the public purse.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

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Junior Member

IN the course of a broadcast talk, which is published on another page, Mr. Geoffrey Wagner spoke recently of that remarkable phenomenon of the American publishing world, 'the editor'—a 'father-figure' to his 'author-charges'. The effect of this phenomenon, Mr. Wagner tells us, is to turn the author

into a fairly junior member of a team organized to purvey merchandise to the public, or to prepare a palatable product: the author is, in short, construed as an assistant to the economy.

This applies both in the publication of books and magazines. A flood of light was thrown on this subject in the recent book by James Thurber on Harold Ross, the founder of *The New Yorker*, a ruthless philistine, and neurotic but successful editor. 'Writers are a dime a dozen', Ross said. 'What I want is an editor. I can't find editors'. Ross's aim, which he achieved, was to impose a *New Yorker* 'style', and today its various contributors seem to be assimilated to it. If a British author is invited to write for an American magazine, he will usually be paid generously; on the other hand, he must be prepared to have his article turned upside down, rewritten, or required to be rewritten by hawk-like editors who have an image of their reading public in their minds and know, or think they know, precisely what these readers want. 'We should like to discuss your article (or book) with you', the author is told; a chill goes down his spine; he fancies he will have to start all over again.

Is this a far cry from the methods of British publishers and editors? Certainly they commission articles and books. We all know those 'series' which are the bread-and-butter of the publishing world, from 'Robin Hood' for 'tiny tots' to 'How to Mend Your Own Television Set'. But, on the whole, the British publisher, who has set the wheels turning—or the pens scratching—tends to leave well alone and hope for the best. He is likely to feel that an author must write in his own style or follow his own bent. If a book does not fit into a proposed series, that is too bad: it may have to be scrapped or published independently. 'One cannot write another man's book for him', we say on this side of the Atlantic. Even skilled and conscientious editors are apt to remark: 'Well, that is how he writes, and we must take it or leave it'.

Americans, we have learned, are intensely professional in all they do. Neither in the world of entertainment nor of literature will they tolerate a slap-dash job: that is admirable. But naturally there are times when professionalism runs to extremes. The formidable list of instructions which authors receive from American publishers and editors may lead to the production of a book of solid worth but abysmal dullness, just as, on the other hand, some American television programmes are so cut and rushed and tailored for cleverness that they give the impression that brightness is all. Can an author who is a 'junior member of a team' be expected to give of his best? Can an editor, however experienced, doctor a manuscript without interfering with the line of mental communication between the original author and his readers? Admittedly this is an age in which the use of words is not as highly respected as it was. But the writer who knows his business ought to be able to communicate; if he cannot, he should find another job.

What They Are Saying

Cuba, Algeria, and the Congo

CUBAN BROADCASTERS HAVE DELIVERED some picturesquely worded attacks against United States leaders. The Havana station, Radio Mambi, assailed Mr. Herter as 'one of the sinister characters behind the plot against our country', as 'the Grand Duke of Calumny', 'the Sovereign Prince of the Infamous Lie', and 'the Most Serene Field Marshal of the Putrid Democracy'. The Cuban commentator called upon the American Secretary of State to stop 'trying to check the progress of the great world revolution that is entering battle with your anachronistic empire'. Another transmission urged U.S. Congressmen to 'go on and cut our sugar quota'. Cuba, it added, would reply to aggression with aggression. The Government was ready to nationalize the electricity and telephone companies, the mines and the large sugar firms.

Arab radio stations have devoted considerable comment to the contacts in Paris between Algerian insurgent representatives and the French. Tunis home service said that United Nations diplomatic circles had been wondering whether France had begun to hinder Ferhat Abbas's visit to Paris. Referring to certain French statements, the chairman of the U.N. Afro-Asian sub-committee on Algeria had said that if this was the atmosphere being prepared by French official circles for receiving Ferhat Abbas, then the sincerity of the invitation extended to the provisional Algerian government should be questioned.

Cairo transmissions quoted the Egyptian newspaper, *Al Akhbar*, which, discussing 'advice on partitioning Algeria' reported to have been offered by Mr. Ben-Gurion to De Gaulle, had said:

Ben-Gurion is an expert at such talks, for he is very efficient at explaining the methods of partition and the theft of important parts of a country. It pleases Ben-Gurion to see another Israel planted in the western part of the Arab homeland, just as Israel itself has been planted in the east.

Both Soviet and Chinese Communist broadcasters hailed the advent of independence for the Belgian Congo. But both also laid much stress on the hard struggle of the Congolese people to win their freedom and on the unwillingness of Belgium to concede it. Peking transmissions, quoting the *People's Daily*, said:

The Belgian colonialists have by no means given up their ambitions for continued control over the Congo in many fields. The Belgian colonial troops have yet to be withdrawn. Through the so-called Belgian-Congolese economic round table conference the Belgian colonialists... are trying, by hook or by crook, to split the Congolese independence movement and restore their colonial rule in another form.

The birth of the new State of Somalia was given very similar treatment by Communist commentators. Moscow radio, in English for Africa, said:

Under British supremacy not a single railroad or highway was built in the country; not a single industrial enterprise was founded. There was one doctor per 53,000 people. Young people had no chance to get an education, because there were no schools.

Moscow, in another English language broadcast for Africa, attacked the United States for its interest in Africa. To the American imperialists Africa was not only an unsinkable aircraft-carrier, said the Russian commentator; they also wanted to use its cheap, inexhaustible mineral resources for their military machine. But, like the fairy-tale giant, the Africans were breaking the chains with which the imperialists had bound them.

As for Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues, they are entirely innocent of planting military bases on foreign territory, if one is to believe an East German Communist commentator who discussed the Soviet Prime Minister's visit to Austria:

Eisenhower did not get into Tokyo. The Japanese cancelled the invitation. Khrushchev, on the other hand, was given a friendly, warm welcome by the leaders of the Austrian state. The point of course is—and this is the little secret of his grand policy—that Khrushchev does not demand from Austria any military bases, and that he does not intend to set up any rocket bases in Austria. Instead he is demonstrating coexistence.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

PURPOSE OF A PORPOISE

RESEARCH MEN of the United States Navy have discovered that the bottle-nose dolphin, or porpoise, is the mental equal, and perhaps superior, of man. Some details about this revelation were given in 'Radio Newsreel' by DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Washington correspondent.

'The facts established by the American Navy are these', he said: 'the porpoise has a brain two-fifths larger than a man and its functional units are just as complex. Porpoises can communicate with each other; they talk by grunts and whistles. At the first attempt porpoises have solved problems that monkeys need 300 tries to solve; and furthermore (and this is why the United States is so interested in porpoises) they have a system of determining distances under water that is far superior to the one man has developed for detecting enemy submarines. It is this secret of the porpoise that American Navy scientists are trying to fathom.'

'The *Wall Street Journal*, a staid and practical newspaper, suggests that the United States cast a few billion dollars into the ocean for the porpoises to use as they see fit. The leader-writer of *The Baltimore Sun* is concerned about the problem of man communicating with the porpoise: "Would the porpoise be interested in the dialogue?" And he adds: "Some millions of years ago, he left the land and returned to the sea. His decision has been more than justified by events". *The Washington Post* reminds its readers of the conversation between the Mock Turtle and Alice: "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise", said the Mock Turtle. "Why—if a fish came to me and told me he was going on a journey, I would say 'with what porpoise?'" "Don't you mean purpose?", said Alice. "I mean what I say", the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone'.

THE FEMININE TOUCH IN CHESS

'Most chess clubs are rather like barracks: they lack the feminine touch', said ELAINE PRITCHARD in a talk in Network Three.

'We woman players are few, slightly despised, and even sometimes unpopular. But what of women as players? They certainly did good work at Hastings this year—four ladies winning first place in their respective sections. The present British champion, however, Mrs. R. M. Bruce, was an absentee this year, having earlier competed in an international ladies' tournament in Holland where she gained second place.

'Miss Eileen Tranmer of Great Britain and I met Russian women at the first Women's International Team Tournament in Holland two years ago. We found the then world champion, Mrs. Rubtsova, amiable and kindly. On the other hand, and in complete contrast, there was something tigerish about Miss Zvorkina. The Russians have won every world championship since the title became vacant at the death of Vera Menchik. Yet one feels that the disparity between these champions and some of our own women players is not so great; certainly not so great as between Menchik and any of her challengers.

'Vera Menchik was by far and away



'Porpoises have a system of determining distances under water that is far superior to the one man has developed for detecting enemy submarines'

the strongest woman player of all time and the only one to be accorded a regular place in Master tournaments. In these she usually finished somewhere round the middle of the table, ahead of most of the British representatives. Members of the so-called Menchik Club—Masters who have lost to her—make a formidable list: among them are Flohr, Vidmar, Euwe, Sultan Khan, Reschovsky, Sir George Thomas, Klein, Alexander. In women's chess her results were astounding. In the fifty games played in the four women's world championship tournaments between 1931 and 1939 she conceded only two draws and was beaten by no one. I do not think she had any serious rivals.

'What is the reason for the failure of women to reach the top class? To begin with, few of us have learned to play; a mere handful by comparison with men. I am no mathematician, but

relatively speaking I would have thought our results were reasonable. In this country we have some four or five players well within the grading list—probably a fair proportion. In France, where women have even less interest in the game, we find one, Madame Chaudé de Silans, holding her own with the country's leading men players. In Russia, far more women play, and consequently more of them play better. We may lack imagination, and those of us who do not, tend to have too much of it; we get out of control and become wretchedly unsound. We are not always logical, and our positional play may lack depth. Women are not long-range planners in life, but rather deal with the practical and immediate. We usually lack the will to study, especially end-game play, and rely on intuition to see us through. We would rather trot out the faithful old openings we learned years ago than experiment with new ones. We may lack concentration and physical stamina for serious tournament play and tire more easily than men.

'Vera Menchik, in contrast, had the



The late Vera Menchik, 'the strongest woman player of all time'

perfect temperament, a natural ability furthered by study and a fine positional sense. She was sound rather than imaginative in her play. Although she appeared completely absorbed in chess, her life was not entirely devoted to the game. She had a great sense of fun, was a fine bridge player, and had a keen appreciation of the arts.

'The play of the younger internationals of today seems to be of a higher standard than in pre-war years; certainly, it is becoming more adventurous. I am sure the game is becoming more popular with women, especially in Europe. Even a country the size of Luxembourg was able to field a team in Holland'.

CENSOR-IN-CHIEF

'One of the liveliest swashbucklers who ever went out of Norfolk—it is a high compliment, and Sir Roger L'Estrange of Hunstanton deserves all of it', said HUGH SYKES DAVIES in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'His life could be treated as a romantic story of Cavaliers and Roundheads in the Civil War: the defence of Lynn against Cromwell by L'Estrange's father, its honourable surrender; an extraordinary attempt by Roger himself to recover it for the King a few months later, more by bribery than by force, and with remarkably little cunning; his arrest at a house two or three miles outside Lynn by a handful of Roundheads disguised as shipwrecked sailors. He was condemned to death, but somehow wangled his way out of it, and went almost at once to stir up a rebellion in Kent.

'When peace came, and the King was on the throne again, Sir Roger took to swashbuckling with the pen instead of with the sword. In the later days of Cromwell's rule he had written pamphlets: illegal, of course, but there were so many loopholes in the machinery for controlling the press that he never had any difficulty in getting them printed and distributed. After the Restoration, the King's party in their turn were troubled by pamphlets and broadsheets written against them, and they had the idea of making L'Estrange Licensor of the Press, a sort of censor-in-chief. Though L'Estrange knew the tricks of the trade at first hand, and though he was hot in zeal—he gained the nickname of 'the bloodhound of the press'—the tricks he had used himself were now used against him; and as he failed to stop the circulation of pamphlets against the King he perforce joined in the struggle and wrote pamphlets for him.

'It is the style of these pamphlets—and of his other writings—that I want to praise. It was a careless style, but it had the vigour and colour of its author. He has sometimes been called the first journalist: rightly if that means a man who makes no pretence at writing literature but harangues the public in the interests of party politics; but wrongly if any comparison is suggested between L'Estrange's language and that of the later press. He had the aristocratic insouciance, the colloquialism of the age—of the 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease'. Rarely since that time has the press dared to use this lively, conversational accent. It was of deliberate choice on his part. This is how he announces it in his own weekly *Newsbook*:

I have already given my sense against Repetitions which I dislike both in respect to the reader and to myself; for neither am I so good a husband as to vamp my intelligence, nor so fowl a dealer as to make any man pay twice over for the same commodity . . . Nor shall I give myself much pains about the style, but let it e'en prove as it hits and lye as it falls.

'This raciness of style, with its natural sentence-structure, its

homely idiom, is seen to its best advantage in his translations. A new edition of L'Estrange's *Aesop*, for instance, might encourage children to enjoy their native language, instead of being rather afraid of it'.

FROM TRURO TO THAILAND

An ancient rural pottery in Cornwall has just completed a large order for pottery of modern design for an international bazaar in Bangkok, a bazaar that is being held under the patronage of the Queen of Thailand to raise funds for a leper settlement. PEGGY ARCHER has visited the pottery, and she spoke of its history in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'Before Staffordshire became England's main source of supply for ceramic wares', she said, 'pottery for the home consumer was made by a number of small rural potteries set up wherever there was suitable clay and water and a good supply of wood or gorse for fuel for kiln fires. Such an ideal spot was at Truro in Cornwall, and here, on the site of what was once a Dominican Friary, pottery has been made since the early Middle Ages. The Lake family took over this pottery 100 years ago, and the present Mr. Lake is the third generation to run it.

'Nowadays the clay is obtained from the neighbouring county of Devon, and it is brown-ball clay, which needs much refinement before it can be turned, almost miraculously, by the skill of knowing fingers, into the jugs, vases, dishes, and ashtrays which are the bread-and-butter lines of any handmade pottery. It takes two days and an old pug mill—which is a series of knives and mesh-filter cloths—to get the clay clean and fit to use.

'They fire the kiln—an enormous chimney, which takes three men nine days to pack—once every three months. It is coal-fired today, but even so it is forty-eight hours before the necessary temperature of 1,000 degrees Centigrade is reached. Then there are another two days while this vast oven cools down, and yet two more days to unpack the huge quantity of "biscuit"—as these fired, but unglazed, pieces are called. Preparing the glazes, sieving them to refine them, is the longest part of the job. Most of Mr. Lake's pottery is glazed in shades of sea green and blue. The colours of the pieces sent to Thailand were brighter than those favoured on the home market, though people in Bangkok were also impressed with a sophisticated gunmetal black'.



Sir Roger L'Estrange: an engraving by R. White after the portrait by Godfrey Kneller



A group of pottery in gunmetal black glaze with coloured linings, made at Mr. Lake's pottery in Truro

Milton's God

Satan Argues His Case

WILLIAM EMPSON gives the first of three talks on 'Paradise Lost'

THE main question about *Paradise Lost* is Milton's God: Milton is concerned all through the poem to justify the ways of God, as he says at the start, and as he can be found struggling to do in his private theological treatise. He thought it very hard to show that God is just. But he is also concerned to do justice to all the characters who fall, and there he cannot keep his whole attention upon justifying God. He had a personal dislike for Satan, and for that matter Delilah too, but that would not tempt him to give them a bad case, because he was a master at adjudicating high and subtle points of conscience, in the Puritan manner, and a story which gave no occasion for that would hardly interest him, or feel worthy of his powers.

Also he was a historian, and he took the Bible very literally: so he would be keen to know what had really happened about Satan; pagan legends, he believed, were the devil's propaganda, and Milton, after writing both propaganda and history himself, was rather well placed to reconstruct what truth lay behind the devil's story. I shall therefore argue about what must have happened earlier from what characters let drop when they are talking to each other, much as one has to do in a play by Ibsen. Still, it was his duty to leave doubtful whatever he considered could not be proved from Holy Writ, so we are left to do some of the reconstruction for ourselves from rather slight indications.

The poem begins when the rebel angels have just been thrown into hell and are making plans for the future; later, the reader hears the account of a loyal angel. This was considered a classical epic formula, but also it fits the intended reader's mind; he is sure that Satan fell, but exactly how is not a matter of doctrine, and he is meant to be interested to learn.

Too Frightening to be Funny

I can claim to begin by removing a bogus problem which has been much muddled over. Critics have thought Satan must have known he was fighting omnipotence, so that he had no chance of winning; was he a hero or a fool? The answer is that Satan did *not* believe he was attacking omnipotence; and the other angels would not have followed him if he had done. They say that they doubt all the main attributes of God in Aquinas, his absolute goodness and power, immediate knowledge and foreknowledge; they have heard of these claims, but they regard them as official titles of God, and refuse to believe in them. If we insist on saying 'After their experience of Heaven, they must have known they were lying', we only make nonsense of all their actions and discussions. Professor C. S. Lewis partly realized this, and therefore argued that Satan must be meant to be funny. God thinks him absurd; but for us he is too frightening to be funny.

I admit that the rebels, at the start, often call God almighty: naturally, as he has just thrown them out with contemptuous ease; just as we would call an opponent 'all-powerful' meaning 'able to defeat any combination in battle' but without also meaning that he was a magician. There is also the story told by Sin. Satan meets this character guarding Hell Gate, as he sets out to win over mankind; and she says she will open the gate for him because though now hideous grown she is the daughter who was born from his head at the debate. At first, she says, the angels were afraid of her, but when familiar she became a general pet and Satan loved her, and her pregnancy with Death was well advanced (he was a growing burden), she says, when the war in Heaven began. So this cannot have been the meeting where Satan announced the war to his troops, the night when the war began; and even in an allegory the literal story is meant to hang together. You would have found Milton very cross if you had told him 'obviously the narrative of Sin can be ignored'. You are meant to be surprised by it, but then to accept it; that is the usual way to make a character feel real. The real fall of Satan would have happened earlier. If we believe in this debate,

before the fall of the rebels they have a considered theory about God. It makes Satan less ridiculous or conceited; he thinks of more arguments than the others, but along the lines they want.

The Rebels and Mankind

The rebels somehow know that mankind has been created since they were thrown from Heaven. Two remarks are let drop about this, but they need not conflict. God had promised long before, with an oath that shook all Heaven, that he would one day create mankind; recently there has been a rumour in Heaven that he will soon create mankind, and promote some of them over the angels' heads. This rumour must have been at work before the war in Heaven, because during it their minds were fully occupied with having the Christ promoted over their heads, instead of mankind. God had summoned the angels for a grand meeting, with no reason given. They would try to guess the purpose of it, and rumours would spread that God was going to fulfil his old promise; then Satan would call his meeting to discuss whether they would allow God to make them servants of mankind, and whether they believed in God's titular claims. When they found that God's pronouncement put someone else over their heads they revolted all the same, but Satan had to send round Beelzebub to test the generals with ambiguous words and counsels, thus making sure they would support his policy, before he ordered his whole command to fly north.

Nearly all tradition made Satan the chief of the angels before he fell, but Milton makes Raphael doubtful about that; the reason is that Milton saw Satan as a Norman baron; he is a peer. His method of revolt is to withdraw all his troops to his palace in the north, which he thinks as grand as his master's. Some critics have deduced that Satan was a Scotsman, but this is off the point for the politics of the decisive electric speech which he makes to all troops. He is a Norman baron in Yorkshire, because then he would admit a qualified allegiance to the King in London, but would be well known not to derive his status from that; such a man would only allow the throne to one of his cousins, and would help the rest of the family to keep it under decent control. Satan behaves as if he were preparing to make King John sign Magna Carta. But he has also his democratic side, or his rabble-rousing side; everybody knew that no type is politically more dangerous than the aristocrat who knows how to raise the mob.

The Leader Addressing his Troops

Addressing all troops, he begins: 'Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Princedoms, Powers', and ends with an argument about their titles. In effect he treats them all as lords if they resist the new King who has been put over them. Raising enough nerve to cut off King Charles's head had involved a great deal of historical study, and the first readers of Milton, living under Charles II, would be agog to make out whether Milton was rattling on his own republican position when he ascribed his own opinions to Satan; they certainly would not pick on it as a particularly dull speech cooked up by his secretary, as Mr. T. S. Eliot did in his attack on Milton.

Milton was the only living man who had actually recommended giving powers back to local authorities, so as to leave no power for the King; it was in the second edition of *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*, published three weeks before Charles II landed, and to do that meant a challenge to be hung, drawn, and quartered. We do not know whether he wrote the speech of Satan before or after the months in hiding and then in gaol; probably it was not long after. Milton is fiercely sardonic when Satan has become merely the devil, after causing the Fall of Man; Satan addresses troops again,

beginning with precisely the same roll-call of their titles, and now he is matey and says: 'I've got you somebody to rule over with your titles anyhow'. Every angel deserves to have some men as his slaves; that is the end of the gradual corruption of Satan, and God marks it by turning all the rebels into snakes, soon turning them back to work on at the corruption of mankind. The slave trade between Africa and America was then in active progress, but probably this was the one point where Milton was being wiser than he knew. In the earlier speech, Satan cannot be meant to look ridiculous. In effect, he bases the republican rejection of kings upon regarding the true God as an immanent moral force rather than as a lawgiver; and he carries out his denial of the claims of the visible God by a programme which feels both logical and public-spirited. Satan is not meant to become absurd till he doubts his own thesis upon Niphates' top.

Abdiel's Argument Rejected

We then have the reply of Abdiel, who says that God ought to be obeyed because he created the angels and is known by experience to be good, and then, nearly at the end of the speech, that the newly appointed Christ ought to be obeyed as King because God could only have created the angels in the beginning through the instrumentality of the Christ. This is the first time the poem has mentioned the doctrine; God did not say it in his speech promoting the Christ, though it was the only argument that might have satisfied the mind of Satan. Abdiel has evidently been listening to the propaganda of the other party during that busy night, because Satan can say before his infinite host without fear of contradiction that this is a strange point and new. Then, in trying to answer this new argument, the mind of Satan makes an imaginative leap, completely undercutting his opponent; he says: 'Because God is obviously telling lies about our creation now, in this new doctrine which Abdiel has got hold of, he was probably telling us lies before, when he claimed to have created us himself'. This is how Satan comes to invent the theory that God did not create Satan. The infinite host applaud it, but they never mention it again; Satan is the only person who continues to worry about it.

The War in Heaven comes next, and we find Satan arguing firmly on the beliefs we found him taking for granted when the poem started. After the first day of fighting, he argues to his troops that they have disproved not only the omnipotence but also the foreknowledge of God. No wonder he says, when he first wakes up in Hell, 'What though the field be lost'—that is nothing in comparison with winning the proof that God, however powerful, is not the God of Aquinas but only a usurping angel; so that Satan was morally right to revolt, whatever the cost. This is also the first thing he says to his troops when they are reassembled after being thrown down to Hell. God says in the poem that he allowed the war to continue so as to prove that the Christ is infinitely superior to the loyal angels. But Milton tells us at the start that God let Satan free merely so that he could heap on himself damnation, so we have no reason to doubt that God also intended to give Satan a mistaken belief by allowing the war in Heaven to last for three days.

Triumphant Journey

Satan triumphantly succeeds in his journey from Hell to the newly created universe; but Milton and his first readers would have to regard this apparent triumph as arranged in each detail by the providence of God. To find the position of Adam and Eve he disguises himself and visits Uriel in the Sun. Satan needs to get evidence from Uriel; that is why he disguises himself as a young, meaning a recently promoted, angel, because the older ones would be too offended about loss of their status to come and look, and Uriel gives him the worst possible news:

I saw when at his Word the formless Mass
This World's material mould, came to a heap,

and so on, whereas Satan had called it spontaneous creation, rather like Professor Hoyle.

Satan then flies on to Eden, pausing in sight of Paradise upon Niphates' top, and there, at his moment of triumph, when he must do his first really evil, that is unkind, action, horror and doubt overwhelm him. He accepts all the theoretical claims of God, merely adding that he has not a generous enough nature to

be able to submit to God; God is a usurer, demanding eternal repayment of gratitude for the initial lump sum he spent in creating Satan, and Satan could not undertake to love a usurer personally, even if he had not duties to his followers. Many critics have argued that he admits here he has always been telling lies to his followers, and certainly as it is the first time he speaks alone it is the first time he could tell the reader so. But his grammar does not say that, if you attend to it. He now recognizes that he has revolted against a true God, and will be driven morally lower and lower. He regrets that he allowed the other fallen angels to adore him on the throne of Hell, when as a defeated commander he considered it his duty to hide his anxiety and recommend evasive action and encourage them as best he could. He is such a convinced republican that he feels he ought not to have allowed himself the honours he has already refused to the Christ, but this is all he admits at his deepest point of confession.

Other critics have argued that Satan becomes a different character at this point, as if Milton was frightened at having made him too attractive. Satan cannot tell you himself why he has changed his mind, because he is fully occupied with his situation as now viewed. It is a good working rule, when the critics of Milton become cross and puzzled, that the answer was too sublime for them. So here, what has converted Satan is just the overwhelming beauty of the newly created world. It was the age of the first European landscape painting, and the interest in landscape was usually considered a kind of submerged recognition of the Creator. So here, the beauty of the world makes Satan jump a logical gap and believe that God created Satan too. Therefore he has lost his enormous bet: God did have theoretical claims after all, so nothing but torture can follow from the success which Satan may expect in what he must next do.

First View of Adam and Eve

Satan then jumps over the wall of Paradise and sits disguised as a cormorant upon the Tree of Life, taking his first view of Adam and Eve, who are romping with an elephant at the time, with other animals to help. The speech he makes now is his only really puzzling one, because before it he was sublime, even in his doubt on Niphates' top, and after it his character rots away fast, as he foresaw on Niphates' top that God would make it do. But here he is caught half-way:

... yet no purpos'd foe
To you: whom I could pity thus forlorn
Though I unpitied, League with you I seek
And mutual amity so straight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates
And send forth all her Kings. . . .

The speech as a whole is disgusting, and clearly meant to be, and the poem goes on to make Satan become worse; and yet the last three lines are so generous in their feeling that they have puzzled me for a long time. You must allow the poetry to decide; if Milton wrote that bit so thrillingly well, he must have meant something by it; but what could he have meant?

When I was a student there was a movement against character-study, in Shakespeare particularly, which I have taken a long time to get away from; it may have a useful amount of truth, but it is liable to stop you from seeing a straightforward point of character. Satan has never expressed any intention of harm towards mankind, except very vaguely towards Sin and Chaos to induce them to let him pass; among his fellows, he refused to join in any spiteful talk about whether God meant to give us unjustly high appointments; Satan merely hoped he might win us on to the honest side. He knows we will suffer great pain in Hell, but he thinks that unimportant compared to being on the honest side, as Milton himself would. It seems he is merely deluded by God there; mankind can only endure passive agony in Hell, but the fallen angels are strong enough to carry on all branches of civilized life. Satan merely does not know how bad his offer is for mankind: and he seriously does mean to say that he finds them less beneath his own angelic class than he had expected.

Well then, he need not leer in saying he will give us honour if we join him; but how can a reader gear this on to the rest of the speech so as to read it aloud consistently? The answer is that Satan has begun to fall apart; one part of his mind still believes the offer which he came prepared to make, and he is still genuinely indignant with God when he finds out the conditions of ignorance under which Adam and Eve are being kept in Paradise, but when he makes the offer his lips are twisted in spite of himself by a piece of understanding which he has only just reached, that God is plotting all the time to turn everything he does into torture. Once he has realized that, no wonder his character rots away rapidly; his story has no real parallel in horror until you get to the political stories of our own time, *Darkness at Noon* and 1984. But it is worse really even than them, because they only drag a run-of-the-mill hero into corruption; whereas Satan is

presented as uniquely good until an implacable political enemy tricked him so totally that he became uniquely bad.

The imagination of the world has refused to accept the end of the story, and refused to agree with the modern critics who tell them that Satan is ridiculous; he is remembered, as he should be, saying:

... Spirits arm'd
That first dislike his reign, and me preferring
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the Plains of Heaven
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?

—Third Programme

The Sacrificial Society—I

GODFREY LIENHARDT discusses sacrifice in primitive societies

MORE than ten years ago there appeared a study of some new forms of Christianity among modern Africans, *Bantu Prophets in South Africa** by Dr. Bengt Sundkler, a Lutheran missionary. During the last half century, something in the region of a thousand or more independent churches or sects in southern Africa have split away from various missionary bodies. They have created their own organizations, their own variants on the creeds and doctrines originally taught, and, what is particularly significant for a study of liturgy and society, their own, partly African, rituals. Bantu modifications of missionary services, it seems, have often been in the direction of a more fully sacramental emphasis on religion as a matter of ritual action rather than meditation; and one widely spread element in indigenous African religions, blood sacrifice, has sometimes again found a place.

On the subject of sacrifice, Dr. Sundkler quotes a revealing statement by one of the foremost founders of independent African churches, a Zulu named Isaiah Shembe. 'Isaiah Shembe', he says, 'though reticent in speaking to Europeans on the subject of sacrifices, nevertheless insisted on the need of them: "They hold people together by blood. The Gate of Heaven is opened through sacrifices"'. There are overtones of Christian teaching here, especially in the reference to Heaven. But the suggestion that sacrifice in some sense 'holds people together' does not derive exclusively from Christianity, still less from the peculiarities of belief of this African sect. Looking at sacrifice in the simple, factual, even naturalistic way in which an anthropologist must begin his study, it is possible to see considerable sociological truth in Shembe's view, quite apart from any theological or mystical meaning it may also have.

Many different kinds of sacrifice have been distinguished—sacrifice as a gift to the gods; as a sign of communion with them and a way of gaining strength from them; sacrifice as atonement, as self-abnegation, as immolation or destruction for the divinity, and so forth. But sacrifice in general involves the notion of an

offering; and among the commonest types of sacrificial offerings are those made by so many peoples of the world for the dead ancestors of their own families.

Such offerings are found not only among so-called primitive peoples but also in the literate civilizations of Eastern and Western antiquity. They vary much in kind, from expressions of filial regard—small gifts of food or drink or other symbolic acts of commemoration—to blood sacrifice itself. The motives behind the services rendered to ancestors, ghosts, or family gods, are similarly varied.

Yet there is a common element in what is often rather misleadingly called 'ancestor worship'. Whatever the nature of the offering, or the reason behind it, it does perpetuate the memory of the dead; and it does acknowledge that the living and the dead belong to a single community, wider than that of the living alone. And this is not simply a pious belief. There obviously is continuity, biological and cultural, between the living and the dead. We are partly formed by the past, even the distant past. Sacrificial offerings for ancestors symbolically recognize this. Further, those who re-

member their dead together, and share the same dead, also of necessity emphasize their living relationships among themselves: commemoration of the ancestor is affirmation of the range of relationships he created among the living, a holding together of all those who count him important in their past.

So in the many societies, both historical and of the present, where family, kin, and lineage are of more importance than in our kind of state, common sacrifice is a sign of common interests, and an act which asserts and promotes them. It represents a common life, and not only on an ideal or metaphorical plane, but in the day to day practical affairs of human co-operation. Sometimes this may be observed in detail in the very way in which the flesh of a sacrificial animal is shared. Among some Nilotic peoples of the Sudan, oxen are the preferred victims: the ox is brought out and tethered to a peg in the centre of the people; they pray and invoke the gods over it; the priest, in some cases, leads the prayers which are repeated by the congregation. Sickesses and



A bull-calf adorned for the sacrifice: an Italo-Greek bronze statue (c. 350 B.C.) in the Museo Etrusco-Gregoriano, Vatican, Rome

misfortunes are put 'upon the back' of the victim. In its death it will carry them away—another Christian theme which is not exclusively Christian. Finally, the beast is killed and its flesh is divided according to strict rule among different groups within the family and the community. The officiating priest has his allotted portions, as do the mother's and the father's kin of those making the sacrifice, the old people of the community, and so on. The whole beast therefore actually figures in its body the social relationships of those present at its death. The whole order of the local society is incarnate, as it were, in the victim.

A similar theme of holding people together, and the recognition of a common life in religious acts—though not strictly in sacrifice—may be found in some forms of totemism. Among many peoples, the relationship existing between whole groups of people—notably those claiming common descent and belonging to the same clan—is symbolized by a totem. Totems are of many kinds, but are often one or another species of animal, sometimes regarded as an ancestor of the clan. A common totem therefore stands for a community of interests of one sort or another. Among the Australian aborigines, let us say, a clan which has as its totem the kangaroo will pay special attention to kangaroos, and perform ceremonies from time to time to increase their numbers.

Members of that clan are thus related in the kangaroo, and identified as a group with common interests by reference to the animal. On ceremonial occasions, pieces of the flesh of the totemic animal may be solemnly eaten, often by old men or guardians of the group. Earlier writers—Robertson Smith and Durkheim among them—saw in this eating of the flesh of a totem, which was also in some sense sacred, one of the primitive features of all sacrifice: communion with the god and between the worshippers in the eating of its flesh. This interpretation would not fit what we now know of the varied forms of totemism; certainly there are peoples who do not interpret the eating of the flesh of the victim after sacrifice as a religious communion. Yet again the sharing of a sacrificial beast, or of the flesh of a totemic animal, is in fact a sign and reaffirmation of relationship and community of interest.

What are these common interests? In those societies where the state does not offer its protection an individual depends first on his kinsmen. To be without kin, by chance of war or other misfor-

tune, is to be in danger, to be helpless. So an isolated individual must find a group which will accept him—first perhaps as a friend, or servant; then in some sense as a kinsman. And either he, or his descendants, are finally guaranteed full protection when they are admitted, according to their place, to a full share in the sacrificial rites. Members of a well-defined political community sacrifice together; and those who sacrifice together have their share of protection by that community. So a sacrifice may often involve expressions of hostility to enemies—even displays against death. People sacrifice not only positively for themselves, but negatively against those forces that would destroy them.

The service of family ancestors and family gods, or even of clan ancestors and clan gods, is the duty of groups of kinsmen: others are ultimately excluded from such family cults. Along with these cults in many societies there are others, which embrace wider communities, not only of kin but also of neighbours and fellow tribesmen or townsmen. Those who live in the same territory, who share a land and co-operate in its protection and prosperity, then have gods to which sacrifice and other services may be rendered on behalf of the whole population of a town or region.

There is little or no evidence for supposing that the worship of the gods of such larger communities is everywhere a later historical development than cults of ancestors and family gods. Both kinds of cult often exist side by side, as do their adherents; together they reflect the total complex order of the communities which are drawn together in them. Also many—perhaps all—primitive peoples seem to exhibit at times a monotheistic train of thought. The various gods and spirits presiding over the fortunes and interests of different sections of the society and different aspects of the physical world may on occasion be seen as manifestations, not, it is true, of one supreme personal God, but at least of a single divine principle informing all the gods. For the ancient Greeks too, it would appear, Zeus, though a distinct divine figure, could also stand for the gods, divinity in the abstract.

Gods of various kinds seem to merge in this single notion of 'the divine' when peoples have in mind the human community as a whole in relation to higher powers. Sacrifice, even to commemorate particular family ancestors or the guardian spirits of a clan or a place, is often accompanied by service to a divinity of all men. In Dinka sacrifices I have seen, two separate victims may be offered, one to the totemic spirits of the clan providing the sacrifice, and one to a god in the sky who watches over all the human creation. It is as though the act of sacrifice itself, turning men's attention to a kind of being different from and superior to their own, also suggests, besides local ties and loyalties, a widening circle of common human concerns.

But the bonds that might hold together a potentially universal society can scarcely be suggested, felt, and known, except in the experience which unites much smaller groups of people—the family, the clan, the village or town or guild. So it is that these particular experiences of communal living are symbolized in local deities; and sacrifice, the central feature of service of the gods, focuses attention upon the common values of the worshippers in focusing attention on the gods. From an anthropological view it is finally irrelevant whether or not these gods exist outside living human consciousness of them. Nor do we need to inquire into the deeper personal, spiritual, and psychological grounds of sacrifice. The sociological meaning of



'Among the Australian aborigines, a clan which has as its totem the kangaroo will pay special attention to kangaroos, and perform ceremonies to increase their numbers': a drawing by Charles Lesueur, who took part in an expedition sent by Napoleon to Australia in 1801, which is now in the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, Le Havre

Photograph: Axel Poignant

sacrifice has begun to be suggested when we have accepted it as a way of serving the gods, and seen what those gods mean in relation to social life and human relations, how they correspond to the sharing of interests within different communities and sections of communities. From this point of view sacrifice to a common god is a sign and a strengthening of the common life. From other points of view it has other meanings.

If the sociological point of view, as far as it goes, has some truth in it, we see why it is that so widely throughout the world the situation of sacrifice is thought to demand peace and agreement between those who sacrifice together. In the ordinary course of social life, even members of a single and affectionate family may be at odds with each other; but in a religious ceremony it is often explicitly required that these differences should at least appear to be overcome. So, to give one of many examples, it is said that the duties of a high priest among the Ga peoples of Ghana are:

... not only to officiate at public worship, and give the god its daily or weekly libations, but to interpret to the people the wishes of the god. ... The peace of the town is one of his first concerns. ... He does not like his children to quarrel. ...

And if public worship, of which sacrifice in one form or another is often the typical act, springs from a community of interests, so it demands, and probably to some extent creates, a group at peace within itself.

Sacrifice therefore often plays an important part in ceremonies for confirming a peace. In an account of a peace-making ceremony among the Shilluk, this is represented in an unusual image. After the victim had been speared and fallen, we are told:

The two factions moved close together. The animal was then cut open, and some of the contents of the stomach were taken by the old men, and thrown on the young men. The thought was that the animal eats a bit here and a bit there, but in the stomach it all becomes one mass. Even so the individuals of the two factions were to become one.

Here it seems that collective sacrifice expresses and confirms the intentions of those who offer it to regard themselves as members of a single peaceful community. The concerns of any one become the concerns of all; as is seen very clearly in the general primitive belief in the efficacy of public sacrifice for curing those individuals who are sick and helping those who are barren. Why it should be that beliefs in the sacrificial death of a victim as a means to life and harmony for the people are so widely held raises other and different questions. There may be other means of producing the same effects; but that sacrifice does, as Shembe said, 'hold people together' would seem to be a belief founded on practical experience among many peoples of the world. It has been upon this ground of experience that so many different theological inquiries and reflections have been based.—*Third Programme*

Growing Up Faster

By ALEX COMFORT

OVER the last century, in all the countries of Europe for which we have figures, children have been reaching maturity earlier and earlier. I do not mean maturity in terms of behaviour; adults in every generation tend to say that the young are precocious, usually in an adverse sense, but this sort of change between generations, where it is real at all, is a matter of social custom rather than of physiology. The earlier development that I am discussing is judged by physical criteria: the age of puberty, and the age at which growth ceases.

Puberty is a process which takes place over several years, and it involves a whole series of physical changes in both the sexes, which do not always take place in the same sequence: a boy's voice may break before he has to begin shaving, or after. For purposes of comparison it is therefore easiest to date it in girls, where there is a definite event, the first menstrual period, which we can use as a marker. Over the century from 1850 to 1950, the average age of menarche, of first menstruation, of girls in Scandinavia, in England, and in America has been getting earlier steadily at the rate of one-third to one-half a year per decade. Over the whole century, therefore, it has come down from about seventeen to about thirteen years. Puberty in boys is not so easy to study from records, but it too has almost certainly advanced in much the same way. It is now difficult to find choirboys old enough to behave themselves who can still sing treble.

Increase in Height and Weight

This apparent shift towards earlier development is of great biological interest; it is being widely studied at present. Much of our knowledge comes from a study which is being made in this country by Dr. J. M. Tanner, and it is from his studies on the subject that most of my data come. In point of fact, earlier maturity is only one of the changes which have been taking place in the pattern of child growth. The other is an absolute increase in height and weight. As early as five years old, children born in the nineteen-thirties were already much bigger than children born in the nineteen-hundreds, and the children born in the nineteen-fifties were bigger still. Judging by relative size, Swedish children—for whom we have some of the best data—born in 1938-39 had gained about a year and a half compared with those born in the eighteen-eighties. Like the reduction in age of menarche, the

increase in size and weight has gone on steadily, and shows no sign of stopping. From the heights and weights finally reached, it is clear that growth is not only being speeded up, the final sizes are larger, as well as being reached earlier.

Man stops growing when he becomes fully adult, and the epiphyses of his bones join, so that he cannot grow further. About fifty years ago, maximum stature was not reached until the age of about twenty-nine. In the prosperous classes in western Europe and America it is now reached at about nineteen in boys and sixteen to seventeen in girls, and the final average height has increased by anything up to five centimetres. As in all health statistics, there is a big class difference still, but it is smaller than the general increase; and although poor children still mature later and remain smaller than rich children, the heights and rates of development of all classes have gone up by more than the amounts of the difference between them: in other words, they have tended to stay equidistant, but all show a gain.

Lighter Clothing a Cause?

This is a phenomenon about which a good many inferences have been drawn, some sound and some not. The first thing we would naturally like to know is what causes the gain. The most obvious thing which is likely to have done so is better nutrition, and, in general, better social conditions. This probably does explain most of it, but it has not satisfied everybody. Some biologists have wondered if part of the effect is not genetic. They put it down to the way in which the industrial revolution scattered populations which had formerly lived in villages and had become gradually inbred: the idea being that intermarriage produced a form of what is known as 'hybrid vigour'. That is not an explanation on which I would be prepared to bet heavily, and the one or two attempts to confirm it genetically have been negative. Another theory has been climatic: we know that overheating delays the growth of laboratory rats, and it has been suggested that our children may grow considerably faster now we do not overclothe them, first in the mistaken interests of warmth and later in the equally mistaken interests of decency.

So far as the actual age of puberty is concerned, moreover, there is evidence that what has happened is not a radical change in our biology, but the restoration of a more normal developmental

timing which something at the beginning of the nineteenth century had greatly slowed down. The average age of puberty in girls is now between twelve and a half and thirteen. In Roman Law it appears to have been about the same. The Abbé Brantôme, writing in the sixteenth century, puts the ordinary age of puberty at twelve to thirteen years. (He is telling the story of a girl of nine who became pregnant, and apologizes for quoting this anecdote at all, since she was the daughter of a tradesman and not of the nobility.) So it looks as though we are in fact only getting back to normal. But the curve does not yet show any sign of flattening, and there is no ground to assume that the age of puberty will not be pushed back further still.

Man's Period of Delayed Growth

The whole question of the timing of puberty is an exceptionally interesting one. Our growth is unique compared with that of animals, because, instead of growing continuously to sexual maturity, we have a longish stretch of delayed growth inserted into our pattern between the ages of five and ten or so. The evolution of this pattern seems to be one of the key features of Man: it goes with the remarkable way in which our reproductive development has been rearranged so that a whole section of behaviour which was originally sexual has got pushed into infancy, where, as Freud discovered, it has developed new functions connected with character-structure. The changes that affect the timing of puberty must represent a shortening of this long childhood plateau. The actual onset of the pubertal changes—a spurt in growth, followed by sexual maturation—seems to be under the control of a clock mechanism in a part of the brain, and the setting of this is controlled in turn by heredity. We are only just coming to realize what a big scatter there is in the age at which different landmarks appear in different children. Some may have almost finished their puberty before others have even started. One particularly interesting group—I think Brantôme's little girl who was a mother at nine must have belonged to it—consists of children who have a growth curve like that of a non-human mammal, with no lag period at all. This is a heritable character, not a disease, and the children, mostly little girls, look fully adult by the age of about six or seven. This is a special case, but it does look as though we have not by any means reached the end of this process of early maturing, and we may find that our grandchildren mature earlier still.

The first effect of the process is the least obvious. By making children grow faster to bigger sizes, it has been suggested that we may increase the proportion who are short-sighted. Short sight depends on disproportion between the size of the lens and the eye, due to the fact that one stops growing before the other. There is already evidence that short sight, which normally appears, if it is going to, during the adolescent growth spurt, is occurring earlier. Whether it becomes any commoner as well remains to

be seen. A second point concerns intelligence. Mental development and physical development are tied together, and though the age at which children take interest in adult pursuits or in the opposite sex is much more a social than a biological product, the intelligence, as measured by tests, and particularly the mental age are affected a good deal by rates of growth. Accordingly much of the work that has been done to see if schoolchildren are getting progressively more or less intelligent, and the like, has been seriously upset by failure to recognize the secular change in rate of maturing. This also has some consequences for our ideas of educational planning, though less than the recognition of the diversity of rates within the population: which means that two children who will eventually have the same sort of performance may reach it several years apart.

Another point which has been put up is this. In most animals, rapid development speeds up the whole life cycle, including the process of aging. In a classic experiment some years ago, McCay showed that if rats were prevented from growing and maturing, they could be kept marking time for months, compared with fully fed litter-mates, and they gained materially in life span. Accordingly it has been asked if by aiming, as we do, to promote the fastest possible child development as an index of health, we may not end by accelerating aging and shortening life. There is no statistical way of finding out if this has happened over the last century, for the simple reason that the loss from this cause, if there were one, has been completely swamped in the enormous gain of life-expectation due to better social conditions and to medical science. In general it looks doubtful if there has been a loss. Over-eating is harmful at all ages, but the earlier puberty seems to go, if anything, with a later end to reproductive life; and though they are not strictly comparable, the children with no childhood lag, who reach puberty at six or seven, do not seem any less long-lived than anyone else.

Discarded Superstitions

We know little about timing mechanisms in man, and we are finding more and more that we need to look into them. The age of puberty is one of the best to study in this way. We have already got rid of a lot of superstition about it: that people in hot countries or of southern or dark-skinned races always mature earlier than Europeans, for example. They do not. The particular trend I have been discussing is a specially interesting one, and it has considerable social implications: for instance, it makes girls physically, though not necessarily emotionally, marriageable much earlier, at a time when our educational system makes them economically free to marry much later than before; and so on. When we plan socially for the next few years, this change in the pattern of growing up is one of the factors we shall obviously have to allow for.—*Network Three*

Musical Thought in Soviet Russia

By BORIS SCHWARZ

WE hear a great deal of Soviet music: we welcome their composers and virtuosos, their orchestras and ballets. But how much do we know about the intellectual basis of musical culture in Soviet Russia—about their historians, theorists, folk-lorists? Almost nothing. Yet, over the past forty years, Soviet musicologists have created a vast literature about music, and have made significant contributions to musical knowledge.

We in the West have come to consider musicology as a lofty, esoteric study of the musical past. Not so in Soviet Russia. There, the lessons of the past are immediately applied to the problems of the present. For example, all through the nineteenth century Russian composers struggled to shake off the musical domination of the West, striving to create a musical language which would be idiomatically Russian. This struggle was fought not only in

music but also in words—impassioned words, full of national pride and self-reliance. The composers themselves spoke up—Balakirev, Tchaikovsky, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov—and with them articulate writers like Stassov and Serov. They did not write history, they made it. Today, their writings and arguments are eagerly collected, reprinted, and quoted in the Soviet Union, in books, lectures, speeches—because so much of it is applicable to the present musical scene. Once again, the Russians feel, they are struggling against the artistic encroachment of the West which, by now, has become the symbol of a decadent bourgeois world; and once again the Russian composers are exhorted to delve deeply into the sources of their own musical culture, into the inexhaustible wealth of their own folk-lore.

It is with the present that the musical minds of Soviet Russia are most deeply concerned. By 'musical minds' I do not mean only

the composers but also the musicologists: the critics, historians, theorists, musical writers. It is this closeness between musicology and the contemporary musical scene which the foreign visitor finds so impressive. 'Music and Contemporaneity' was the topic of the address delivered by the composer Kabalevsky at a session of the Composers' Union, and the discussion was carried by composers and musicologists alike. The task of the musicologist as a critical observer and analyst is considered all-important. New compositions are publicly discussed, problems of

aesthetics are raised, and the whole direction of Soviet music is examined and scrutinized. Important new books are dealt with in a similar manner. Composers and musicologists share alike in these responsibilities. Criticism is sharp and outspoken. There appears, however, a noticeable relaxation of ideological pressures. The Stalinist spirit of the ill-fated Zhdanov decree of 1948 has been replaced by the conciliatory, more flexible policy of the 1958 statement. It admitted past errors, though the principle of Socialist Realism was upheld.

There is also a spirit of relaxation toward the Western musical world, and at the same time an eagerness for contact. The Composers' Union publishes a quarterly digest of foreign musical opinion. Twice weekly, recorded concerts of contemporary Western music are presented at the House of Composers in Moscow and at other centres. The programmes I saw contained such moderns as Boulez, Schaeffer, Britten, Alban Berg, Bartók, Honegger, Carl Orff, late Stravinsky, Copland, and Samuel Barber. When I asked: 'Why is so little of the avant-garde music played at public concerts?', the answer was: 'Our performers are not keen on studying this type of music, and our public is not interested in hearing it'. This was an oversimplification of the problem, for it disregarded the long-standing campaign against the modernistic trends of contemporary Western music—the so-called 'formalism'. Nevertheless, there is a gradual expansion of the Russian musical repertoire. Visiting foreign orchestras bring new music before the public and test the receptivity of the Soviet audiences.

There is a favourite theory these days that Soviet composers write music which is officially acceptable while secretly pining to compose in the latest twelve-tone idiom. This seems far-fetched to me. History shows that Russian composers were never in the forefront of modernism: they resisted the towering influence of Richard Wagner, they ignored the temptations of French impressionism, and they equally refused to follow Schönberg and the Viennese school. These are historic facts unadulterated by politics. The Russian approach to music is, and always has been, emotional, not abstract or cerebral. It is idle to speculate which direction Soviet music would have followed without official meddling. Recently, an American composer complained that there was too much 'uniformity' in Soviet music. Whereupon a Russian critic replied that, to his ears, there was far less 'uniformity' in Soviet music than in the music of some Western twelve-tone composers he had recently heard. I, for one, feel that the Russian temperament would have resisted atonality, serialism, and electronic music. But I may be wrong. Are not the Italians, who are as emotional about music as the Russians, producing some of the most complex music of our day?

One thing is certain: while the Soviet régime may frown on over-complex music, it does not condone vulgarity, nor does the 'taste of the majority' prevail, as one eminent West German critic recently remarked. In fact, there is at the present time in Russia strong criticism of the gypsy-style sentimentality in



The first congress of Soviet composers: delegates at a concert

the Russian popular song. But that does not exclude genuine light music: Shostakovich, famous for his symphonies, has also written an operetta and popular songs, just as Leonard Bernstein wrote the *Jeremiah Symphony* and *West Side Story*. Underlying the Soviet philosophy, however, is the aim of educating the mass audience for a truer appreciation of the arts.

In this gigantic educational enterprise, the Soviet musicologist is assigned an important role. Through books and popular brochures, articles and lectures, there is a ceaseless effort to stimulate and inform the audience. For these tasks, the Soviet musicologist comes well prepared. First and foremost, he is trained as a musician. He studies at a conservatory, and his plan of study is virtually the same as that of a composer. This is in contrast to the European and American tradition, where a young musicology student receives his education at a college or university. The difference is significant: the young Russian starts with a thorough professional preparation, widening the scope of his knowledge as he matures, while the Western musicology student acquires a broad background in the so-called humanities before proceeding toward specialization. There is much to be said for and against each of these traditions. A conservatory and a university cannot be easily interchanged: they are rooted in different traditions and serve different ideals. But the idea that a musicologist needs a thorough professional training is sound—and the five-year course in a Soviet conservatory provides just that.

The emphasis on practical experience is characteristic: student theorists and historians are expected to write criticisms and programme annotations as well as deliver lectures; students of folklore are sent on expeditions to gain experience in collecting and recording folk materials; practice teaching is prescribed at all levels. The conservatories of Moscow and Leningrad are venerable institutions, nearing their hundredth anniversary. Each has about 800 students; about 10 per cent. select musicology and theory as their field of specialization. The buildings are old, poorly maintained, and dimly lit; library and lunch-room facilities appear crowded and inadequate. What a contrast with the lavishness of the new Moscow university, which, however, is reserved for the sciences.

The true centres of musical research are the institutes. The oldest is the Institute of Theatre, Music, and Cinema in Leningrad, which dates back to pre-revolutionary days. It is housed in a sumptuous old palace, and contains exhibits which one cannot see anywhere else in the world. The music collection—actually a museum of musical instruments—is presented ingeniously: next to each show case is a button which works a hidden recording device, so that one can not only see the instruments but also hear the actual sound of them. Leningrad is proud of its reputation as the most progressive, and, perhaps, the most 'Western' city of Russia; and the historians of the Institute spend considerable energy in exploring the glorious past of old

(continued on page 22)

PAPER IN BRITAIN'S FUTURE • A REPORT FROM THE REED PAPER GROUP

What are the prospects for investors in British paper?

The scope of the paper industry has broadened considerably over the last ten years, creating possibilities of great interest to investors. This article considers the effect of new trends on the industry in general and attempts to define the results they may have on the Reed Paper Group in particular.



PAPER REFLECTS THE WHOLE ECONOMY

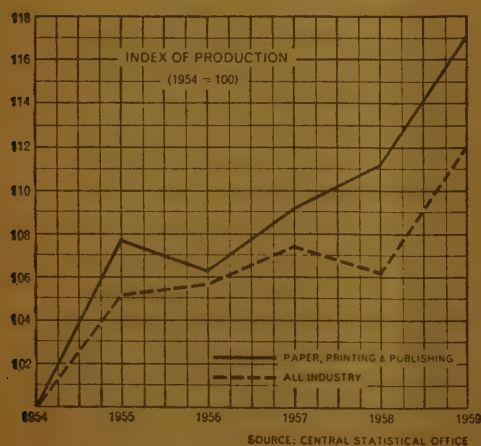


Chart 1 shows the index of production of paper and board for the British paper in-

dustry between the years 1955 and 1959 against the index of production for all British industry. These figures show very clearly the relationship that has come to exist between the fortunes of the paper industry and those of the economy as a whole. This interdependence has been brought about by (a) the increasing use of paper throughout the length and breadth of British commerce and industry, and (b) the rise in living standards, which has led to a great increase in consumption of paper, above all as packaging.

The inescapable conclusion is that while the economy continues its gradual expansion the paper industry can expect to enjoy a continued success, since it shares in the success of almost every company. There would seem, therefore, to be no lack of a market for the increasing production capacity of the paper industry.

HOW REED OUTPUT COMPARES WITH TOTAL PAPER OUTPUT

The development of new uses for paper and the rapid expansion of certain existing uses have together altered the pattern of the breakdown of sales for the industry. Traditionally staple products like newsprint are being joined more and more by these very lusty youngsters.

	PERCENTAGE OF OUTPUT TONNAGE		PERCENTAGE OF STERLING TURNOVER
	INDUSTRY	REED	
Converted Packaging Products	29	32	41
Wrapping Papers	41	47	37
Printing Papers	17	8	12
Newsprint	13	13	10
	100	100	100

* COMPARABLE FIGURES FOR TOTAL PAPER INDUSTRY NOT AVAILABLE

Chart 2 shows a side-by-side comparison between the breakdown of sales and produc-

tion for the Reed Paper Group and the breakdown of production for the industry as a whole. At first glance it is obvious that whereas in some categories the proportion of total production is similar, in others there exists a wide difference.

The strength and flexibility of the Reed operation could not be better demonstrated. In converted products, a fast-growing market which remains more profitable than many other sections of the paper market in spite of brisk competition, Reed's output of packaging paper plus board and converted packaging products is approximately 80% of total Reed output, against 70% for the industry as a whole.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DIVERSIFICATION

The Reed Group's preoccupation with newly developing and more profitable uses of paper must be of prime importance to investors. The history of the Group over the last ten years has been largely influenced by this steady policy of diversification. Undoubtedly it is of great advantage to the Group that it is involved both in paper making and conversion – and to no small degree, since in 1959 the Group Market Research statistics show that the Reed Group accounted for more than 25% of the British output of paper sacks and of solid and corrugated fibreboard cases.

To keep pace with the growth in demand for particular types of paper and board products requires a high degree of flexibility from the plant involved. Reed has therefore constantly sought to improve existing machinery, adapting it successfully to produce several types of paper rather than merely one, in addition to heavy outlay on completely new plant. In this way costs are kept to a minimum and the best possible use is made of the very expensive equipment necessary in the paper industry.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

We have already noted the close relationship between paper and the complete economy, and drawn the conclusion that a firmly planned, buoyant economy brings prospects for the paper industry that are above the average. There are, however, two major factors within the framework of the industry itself which must be taken into account in any consideration of prospects. The first is the growing competition within the industry, and the corresponding reduction of profit margins. The second is the birth of the European Free Trade Association, which will reduce tariffs between member countries by 20% on 1st July 1960 and work towards

complete abolition of tariffs, thus exposing the British paper industry to the risk of strong Scandinavian competition.

HOW IS THE REED GROUP PLACED?

From the point of view of tougher competition within the U.K. the Reed Paper Group occupies a very sound position. We have seen how Reed has concentrated a considerable part of their output into the more profitable sections of the industry, and how it has pursued a policy of flexibility that will enable them to take maximum advantage of current demand and future trends.

In addition the Group is constantly on the look-out for new uses that will widen still further the scope of their activities: an example is the Group's one-third share in the fast-moving Kimberly-Clark business in creped cellulose wadding, which makes and markets Kleenex tissues, Hi-Dri paper towels, Delsey toilet tissue and Kotex feminine towels. Within the Reed Group the Packaging Division and Economic Research Department carry out intensive technical and marketing research into both consumer and manufacturing needs, and the Economic Research Department prepares long-term forecasts of trends in demand. The Group is also in the process of acquiring one of the largest paper converting companies in Australia, Paper Products (Holdings) Pty. Ltd., operating in most of the States in Australia, a country with vast potential.

THE REPERCUSSIONS OF E.F.T.A. AGREEMENTS

Such threats as the E.F.T.A. agreements present have probably been over emphasised. This is the opinion expressed in the majority of recent articles in the financial press. The challenge of the Scandinavian paper industry is not new, nor are the immediate tariff reductions overwhelming. There will be time

for the British paper industry to adjust itself to the new situation.

Also, as the Chairman of the Reed Paper Group, Lord Cornwallis, observes in this year's Annual Statement, it is thought unlikely that the Scandinavians will wish to enter into a price war with British manufacturers – a view that is shared by other leading personalities in the British paper industry.

So far as the Reed Paper Group is concerned, its position with regard to E.F.T.A. competition is stronger than most, since it has only recently entered into a £2 million joint enterprise with Sande Tresliperi in Norway, one of Scandinavia's leading producers of mechanical pulp. This will give the Group a sizeable stake in Scandinavian raw material – and at the same time get the economic advantage which the Scandinavians enjoy, of pulping and paper making on the same site.

THE PROSPECTS AHEAD

In ways like these the paper industry in general and the Reed Paper Group in particular seek to maintain the strong position that has been developed over the last ten years. We have looked at the main reasons why the paper industry can look forward to a bright future, and taken special note of the importance of diversification in that future. Linked as it is by packaging to an ever-growing standard of living, and with its products reaching into almost every branch of industry and commerce, the paper industry can look forward confidently to a continued growth in sales. In that future the Reed Paper Group offers prospects considerably above the average, both from short-term and long-term points of view.

A further article in this series will appear in the August 18th issue of The Listener.

REED PAPER GROUP

Britain's foremost makers of paper,
paperboard and packaging products

HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 29—July 5

Wednesday, June 29

Mr. Gaitskell, Leader of the Opposition, receives a vote of confidence from the Parliamentary Labour Party of 179 votes to 7

The Prime Minister sends a message to Mr. Khrushchev about the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva

The Commons reject a private member's motion calling on the Government to take early action on the Wolfenden Committee's recommendation about homosexual acts

Thursday, June 30

Labour M.P.s approve Party's new statement on defence by 97 votes to 15

Congo celebrates Independence day. Mr. Lumumba, the Prime Minister, criticizes Belgium's colonial record in the country

Friday, July 1

Full agreement is reached in Nicosia about the future of Cyprus

The British and American-controlled oil refineries in Cuba are seized by Dr. Fidel Castro

The T.U.C. General Council votes in favour of Labour's defence policy

Dr. Nkrumah is inaugurated as the first President of Ghana

Saturday, July 2

U.S. Senate passes resolution giving President authority to reduce sugar quotas from Cuba. British and American oil companies refuse to supply fuel to Cuban airliners

Mr. Truman, former Democratic President, criticizes arrangements for national convention of the Democratic Party

Sunday, July 3

An outbreak of tribal violence takes place in Leopoldville, capital of the Congo Republic

Russian tankers, bringing crude oil, are reported on the way to Cuba from the Black Sea

Monday, July 4

Britain protests to Cuba against the seizure of the Anglo-Dutch Shell refinery. The first Russian tanker reaches Havana

President Frondizi of Argentina begins his four-day official visit to Britain

Tuesday, July 5

Minister of Housing says he is not prepared to modify the policy of a free market in land; there is to be no change either in the position of the 'green belts'

A conference of the National Union of Railwaymen votes decisively against altering Clause IV of the Labour Party's constitution

Both the N.U.R. conference and that of the National Union of Mineworkers declare their opposition to any moves to decentralize their industries



Members of the Cuban workers' militia guarding the American-owned Esso Standard Oil refinery in Havana on July 1 after President Castro's Government had seized the plant because the company had refused to refine Russian crude oil



Her Majesty the Queen inspecting a detachment of the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment during a march-past in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on June 29

Mr. Khrush

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Below: Ma

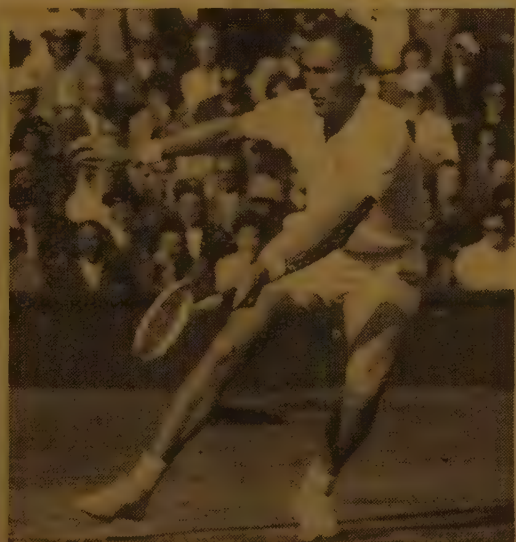


accompanied by the President of the Austrian Republic, Dr. Schärf, inspecting a guard of honour after his arrival on an official visit to Austria on June 30



(nearest the camera) winning the final of the Grand Challenge Cup from Oxford University Boat Club at the Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, on July 2

o of Brazil and Neale Fraser of Australia who were the winners of the singles titles at the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships which ended last week



An African firing an ancient carbine as he and his friends celebrate the independence of the Congo in Leopoldville, capital of the Republic, on June 30 (see also pages 5-7)



A scene from the *Son et Lumière* performance of *H.M.S. Victory*, produced by Ian Hunter, which opened in the Royal Dockyard, Portsmouth, on July 1 and will continue until October 11. Sir Laurence Olivier recorded the part of Nelson, and Robert Morley that of Dr. Scott, the ship's doctor

(continued from page 17)

St. Petersburg, without neglecting Leningrad's current cultural contribution which is second to none.

In Moscow, the Institute of the History of the Arts is part of the Academy of Science. The music division has a staff of brilliant musicologists, each of whom specializes in a different field, such as folk-lore, opera, song, the old Russian church chant, music of pre-revolutionary Russia as well as the modern U.S.S.R., the music of the Soviet nationalities and the Soviet allies, European musical history, and so on. At the Moscow Institute much collective thinking and writing is done; topics are discussed, publications planned, and ultimately issued under the imprint of the Academy of Science.

What are the most important accomplishments of today's Soviet musicology? First, there is the exploration of Russian musical culture

during the eighteenth century, the period prior to Glinka. So much new material, so much forgotten music of that time has been brought to light that an entirely new dimension has been added to our historical knowledge. No less impressive is the massive documentation published about the nineteenth century—Glinka, Tchaikovsky, and the 'Mighty Five'.

Folk-lore is yet another subject intensely explored by Soviet experts; here the multi-national character of the Soviet Union is given ever-increasing attention. In the area of musical theory, the problems of analysis and aesthetics receive new, and often controversial, interpretations. The official journal of Soviet composers and musicologists is *Sovietskaya Muzyka*, a publication of high standard, which is printed monthly in a large edition of 14,000 copies.

Archives, museums, and libraries contain vast collections of musical materials, many unsurveyed and unknown to us. Preserved are not

only manuscripts and papers of Russian composers, but also innumerable items related to Western musicians who visited Russia, among them Berlioz, Liszt, Richard Wagner, Verdi, Robert and Clara Schumann, and many others. Some day, our knowledge of these artists will be enriched by the memoirs of their Russian associates and by their letters addressed to Russian friends. Among the unique treasures preserved at the Glinka Museum in Moscow are two sketch-books of Beethoven, one dating from the years 1802-03, the other containing sketches for some of the last quartets, commissioned by the Russian nobleman, Count Galitzyn. The earlier of the two sketch-books will be published in Moscow in facsimile this year, and will prove of the greatest importance for Beethoven research. Now, after some twenty years of almost complete isolation, Soviet musicology is vigorously re-entering the international scene.—*Third Programme*

The Organized Author in America

By GEOFFREY WAGNER

FOR a variety of reasons the intellectual and artistic gap between literary creator and midwife has been closing rapidly in America. I constantly meet authors in America who talk with a proprietary right about their editors. *The Times Literary Supplement*, reviewing a book on current American publishing practices, recently summarized the trend thus:

The modest British publisher's reader or literary adviser gives way in the United States to that compelling character, the editor, a father-figure who cherishes, cossets, and tempers the commercial wind to his apparently all-too-vulnerable author-charges. As he rewrites their manuscripts he ministers to their temperaments ('sometimes a psycho-analyst is actually consulted').

This phenomenon, the enhanced prestige of the editor over the past decade, will not surprise anyone in the literary world. There are obvious economic reasons for the trend. Its effect on the author is, in general, to turn him into a fairly junior member of a team organized to purvey merchandise to the public, or to prepare a palatable product: the author is, in short, construed as an assistant to the economy. A go-between to a certain public—as he actually is, or should be, in the case of text, travel, or cookery publishing. But fiction, the literature of ideas, is another matter.

Sincere Intervention

I do not want it to be thought that I am simplifying this problem into a charge that American publishers edit 'down' to a crass public, as is often popularly supposed. In my opinion there is little of this. I am discussing rather the sincere intervention by the editor in an effort to make the author's emotions respond as directly as possible to what he imagines to be the reader's. This is normally done by selection and, as a publishing philosophy, it may lend a book impact at a given moment.

There are, however, aesthetic as well as

economic reasons for the increased prestige of the editor in the U.S.A. First of all, on a fairly low level, there is the idea, expressed frequently in print, that American authors are essentially illiterate and—to choose the word of a member of an important American publishing firm—'ignorant': many of them are foreign-born, and so on. To some extent it must be conceded that most British writers have grown up in a tradition of literacy. Until the last war, at least, the majority of novelists in England would hold Arts degrees. This tradition has of course been deliberately repudiated by the American writer. Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, all have at some time boasted of their lack of formal education. Indeed, parenthetically, I believe that this accounts for the famous 'decline' in American moderns. They are not writers of ideas. The most enduring of those I have mentioned—Faulkner—was also the most educated.

Secondly, there is the feeling that life in America is so vast, disparate, chaotic, and unmanageable that it really requires two to deal with it. The raw material is too huge. A man like Maxwell Perkins makes his name editing Thomas Wolfe. The American novel must be 'great'. As that fine writer Wright Morris has put it: 'The editor-collaborator became a part of the creative project, the mastering of the material as exhausting as mastering life itself'. That is certainly how American writers themselves feel about it, at any rate. The editor is seen often as a fellow-translator of a sort.

My own feeling is that a technology tends to produce artefacts rather than art: and artistic perception does not grow in the atmosphere of immediacy produced by an obsession with technology; it grows under the eye of eternity. This does not apply only to America. Ever since novels like *Madame Bovary* and *Ulysses* the novelist has tended to fade as a presence, as a person of consequence in his fiction. There is usually a time-lag in the commercialization of a technique, and the technique, by means of

which the author becomes his characters, refines himself out of existence ('paring his fingernails', to use Stephen Dedalus's paradisiac expression), and employs style as vision, is pre-eminent today, and by and large responsible for the chief varieties of fiction being printed in the English-speaking world. Both Flaubert and Joyce were scrupulous about any 'editing' of their work—Joyce probably to the point of mania—but, because their technical ability was so great, their influence tends to predominate in a culture committed to technological advance.

The 'Illusion of Reality'

Stendhal's *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, say, is altogether too intimate, there is too close a collaboration between the author and his effects, for it to find many direct successors today. Henry James wrestled with this problem of authorial omniscience in his Prefaces, and so did Conrad. Percy Lubbock somewhat systematized James's attitudes to the aesthetics of the novel in the early nineteen-twenties. Broadly I mean that James felt—when describing the genesis in his mind of highly structured novels like *The Ambassadors* or *Portrait of a Lady*—that in order to show that relationship between life and morals, life and the ideal, and so on, which he required, what he called 'the illusion of reality' had to be rigorously maintained. He felt, for better or worse, that one point of view in the novel effected this best. When another point of view, or a retrospect, broke in, the 'illusion of reality' could be damaged.

Sometimes Lubbock called this point of view the 'seeing eye' and he discusses how the 'autobiographical device', as he calls it—the 'I' in a first person novel—is borrowed from the theatre and how limited it can be. He discusses Raskolnikov's experience in this context: and he feels that Flaubert's 'impersonality' is an impossibility in fiction, it is simply the greatest 'tact' in the novel to that date.

It is interesting that theoretically C. P. Snow

encourages Lubbeck's 'third' point of view, that of the omniscient author, but avoids it in his practice. The only European authors of consequence using this particular fictional refraction are—now that Thomas Mann is dead—Catholic authors, particularly people like Mauriac, who ascribe the 'third' point of view to God. To take an example, when young Raymond's suicide fantasy is frustrated in *The Desert of Love* we read: 'He would open the drawer in which his father kept an old-fashioned revolver, but it was not God's will that he should find the cartridges'. I think most American editors would ask a new author to rewrite the last sentence to, 'but he couldn't find the cartridges'.

Fading Author and Intruding Editor

Thus what I am really suggesting is that as the author fades as a presence within his novel, there comes the intrusion of the publisher's editor. So much so, that Simone de Beauvoir believes that most American editors despise most authors:

Publishers and editors size up your brain in a critical, disdainful way, like an impresario who asks a dancer to show her legs. They despise at the outset the product they are going to buy, as much as does the public to whom they will sell it; their job is to create between these two categories of despised humanity—the author and the reader—a contact, which is equally derogatory, but which will be converted into dollars to the former's profit.

In case it may be thought that this exaggeration about publishing in America lacks all truth whatsoever, I may add that a recent article by R. P. Blackmur in *The Kenyon Review* essentially substantiates Mlle. de Beauvoir. Blackmur gives a case of editorial intervention in a manuscript and suggests that 'it represents one of the principal causes for the high cost of publishing—costs which in part must be borne by the literate authors whose books are relatively cheap to produce'.

No, when the novel turns into a set of techniques—plot, characterization, style, dialogue, point of view, mood, so on—it becomes far easier for a third party to intervene in their fabrication. In fact every day dozens of them do so, pedagogically, at 'Creative Writing' schools all over America. 'Mr. Converse is going over it with me', one girl student told Mary McCarthy of her own story, 'and he's going to help me fix it up for publication . . . we're going to put in the symbols'. In other words, if you are simply manipulating postulates, then as author you must expect to be challenged as merely an interpretative artist, a film director, pianist, a sort of demotic Caligari producing tricks that can be and large be learnt. A book like *By Love Possessed* is chock-full of these tricks, of other people's techniques or techniques learnt at second-hand, as it were, and it would have been greeted with acclaim in any New York publishing house because it responds to the level of literary sophistication found in the average editor.

The new editor-impresario, in short, comes to see fiction as an amalgam of techniques, rather like the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century eclectics, for there is a continual pressure on him to regard literature (which is, after all, his source of revenue) as a commodity, and today saleable commodities are compounds of tech-

niques. When I speak of the seventeenth-century eclectics I am thinking of the categorizations of things like wit and fancy which are regarded by minor writers of that time almost as an entirely technical method; you pour so much wit in and you add a little bit more fancy, and so on. Today the editor is encouraged on this path by the fact that he has no time to read seriously at all; in a recent issue of *The Texas Quarterly* a former first reader for a New York firm revealed that he read only 10 per cent. of unsolicited manuscripts, or what is called slush, sent in.

Victorian fiction, which established for editors the technical norms mainly used in evaluating novels, is full of the yeasty chaos of true creation. And Dickens, Eliot, Thackeray, Meredith, are all full of just the sort of thing an American editor would today pounce upon, notably the hoked-up coincidence. In *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, for example, Meredith would have been told how absurdly unlikely most of Richard's London meetings were, how fantastic it was that Mrs. Berry would not know his name though assisting at his marriage, how ridiculous that Richard never realized that Berry was his benefactress's husband. It is well known that Dickens's work is riddled with coincidences of this sort; I might say so much so that a subtle article has appeared lately in an American learned journal suggesting that these are strictly functional—what the critic calls 'the violent connexion of the unconnected'. It is true in a novel like *Doctor Zhivago* they do play this role, manifestations of a sort of unifying life-force. But I do wonder what would have happened to Pasternak's novel if it had been sent in by an unknown American writer to a New York publishing house. Again, *The Brothers Karamazov*—to pick on only one of Dostoevsky's works—is full of these supposed 'inconsistencies'. In *Candide*, Voltaire not only parodies the coincidental recurrences of the sentimental romance of the day, but utilizes these to show the jack-in-the-box nature of the views he is satirizing. They are always cropping up.

Imaginative Act

None of this matters. Meredith's effort to write a commercially successful novel survives despite the 'gimmicks' of the time, not because of them. A critic of Meredith like Lionel Stevenson pays not the slightest attention to what today would be called editorial 'inaccuracies' in his work. Indeed, when Dickens did listen to an editor of a sort—Bulwer Lytton in the case of *Great Expectations*—he did so to his detriment and imposed an ending on the novel inferior to his own. The act of organization is one of imagination, and must remain the author's.

Indeed, in our own allegedly realistic age, it would be perfectly possible to line up a collection of editor's 'inconsistencies' in D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and others. Lawrence's handling of time sequences is highly arbitrary, a manner of writing only about what truly interested him in the novel; but a critic like F. R. Leavis assures us that Lawrence's clumsiest novels are his best. *Point Counter Point* is usually thought of as one of Huxley's best, but what about the absurdly coincidental business of Mrs. Quarles and the keys at the end of this book? Moravia's *The Conformist*, another contemporary 'classic' of a kind, rests

largely on a highly unlikely, almost impossible recognition scene at the end.

Let me then summarize. In Europe—though I suppose to a diminishing extent in England—the publishing firm follows the tradition of interfering as little as possible between artist and audience. The author is presented directly to his public, as D. H. Lawrence was, and Thomas Wolfe was not, in all his weakness as well as his strength. In America the editor has acquired prestige by becoming a go-between to an audience. Thus many fiction editors are editresses, since it is computed that of all American readers of novels selling between 5,000 and 10,000 copies, 96.45 per cent. are college-educated housewives. It is in America, too, that the university teacher has made a mystery, or trade, out of recondite symbolism, for the two are in essence aspects of the same phenomenon; I mean by this that analysis is a technique substituting for criticism, which is an art, in the same sense that the sociological sub-novel which is the general result of the American editorial apparatus is a technique substituting for the poetic novel, which is an art.

'Between the Idea and the Screenplay'

In America, too, the most successful novelists are those whose work seems from the start designed for the needs of the dominant technology, to which the book appears more and more of a hesitant ancillary. 'Between the idea and the screenplay falls the novel', as one critic has put it. There are occasions when an editor can be invaluable to an author—and I refer here to scholarly publishing. No American university press would have let a book like *The Outsider* appear, or appear in the way it did. There is also a good case for the editor in the context of biography. But—the novelist as servant of technology? That is another matter.

The Flaubertian art novel, sped on its way by a demotic technology, has elevated the editor into an anxious impresario. He or she helps the author to 'process' life for a public. Life existed for Flaubert in his later period to be written about. Exactly: life seen as raw material for a technical process. That is putting the trend in terms of its own degeneration; but when Richard Feverel's father laconically inquires if his son expects to 'publish' when he goes to London, we have the problem in a nutshell. Publishing is industrialized and the author part of a process. No housemaid is now heard begging to be allowed to stand in the hall to get a glimpse of our equivalent of Scott, as he strides majestically by.

Will the American pattern reproduce itself in England? British publishing actually mass-produces more books than American, yet the features of mass-production assail it less. All the same, aspects of the trend I have discussed are bound to make a pattern in Britain in the coming years. Samuel Butler perhaps best summarized the redundancy of the coming *eminence grise* of the publishing world—the editor diagnostic of what Newnes termed 'what the public wants'—when he wrote:

There are some things which it is madness not to try to know but which it is almost as much madness to try to know. Sometimes publishers, hoping to buy the Holy Grail with a price, fee a man to read for them and advise them. This is but the vain tossing of insomnia. God will not have any human being know what will sell.

—Third Programme



King Charles II (riding a white horse) arriving at Whitehall Palace when he was restored to his throne in May, 1660: a painting by Isaac Fuller

The Barringtons Go to Town

By ARTHUR C. EDWARDS

THE Barringtons of Hatfield Broad Oak in Essex were an ancient county family. Sir John Barrington, the head of the family in 1660, was never so fervent a Parliamentarian as his father, Sir Thomas, whose mother was Cromwell's aunt. Some weeks before the Restoration on May 29, 1660, he had determined to be at the centre of the stirring events. With Lady Barrington and two elder daughters, Anne (rising twelve) and Dorothy (nearly nine), he set out for town on May 3 with six servants in attendance, including John Hawkins, the steward, whose account book tells the full story of their visit. They stopped at Epping for cakes and ale, and in the late afternoon they arrived at their lodgings near the Bull in Bishopsgate, where their horses were stabled for £1 13s. 0d. a week. By May 19, at the latest, they were joined by their eldest son, Thomas, nearly eighteen, a Cambridge undergraduate, assiduously reading all the latest newsbooks and pamphlets and resolved to miss nothing of the historic drama then drawing to its climax. His brother, John, then thirteen, had been sent to Stortford School on the day the family left Hatfield, but John Hawkins makes it clear that he was with his parents for the Whitsun holidays:

June 15: To a pair of oars for waiting on my Master and Master John Barrington four hours on the Thames, they bathing themselves, 4s.

Indeed, several times that summer the Barringtons were rowed well upstream, where the Thames flowed past rural Chelsea and Battersea

and was itself a good deal cleaner than in its lower reaches.

The family revelled in that golden heyday of the Restoration, for they stayed nineteen weeks in town. Hawkins paid out £268 17s. 3½d. for them and received at different times £294 in all. They settled down in their commodious lodgings, costing £2 a week, and every fortnight or so their landlord, Mr. Marden, presented them with bills for provisions averaging £5 a week. All additional provisions were bought by the servants and listed in John Hawkins's book. On May 12, for instance, Hawkins himself bought seven glasses, two pint bottles, a voider basket for clearing away the dirty dishes from the dining table, and two dozen of maple trenchers: there were no breakable china plates in a Restoration household. Ned Harvey ran the errands, fetching bread 'hard by' when the baker forgot to call, and bringing home tarts, cakes, and lemon beer. Anthony Summers, the coachman, coped efficiently with tradesmen at the door. Wandering minstrels and ordinary beggars were never sent empty away: on May 19 a boy who played on a Welsh harp was rewarded with a shilling; he must have been good, for the two fiddlers specially brought in when Lord Denbigh came to supper had only a shilling between them.

The younger children, Winifred and Joanga, left behind at Hatfield, were not forgotten. Cakes, fruit, and toys were bought and sent down to them. Winifred was given 'a little wheel' (a hoop) costing one shilling, and she and her sister each had 'a nest of (Chinese)

boxes, 24 in number'. On one occasion, John Hawkins borrowed Mr. Marden's horse and made a special journey with sixpenny dolls, or, as he puts it, 'babies undressed to carry to my mistresses at Hatfield'.

The two girls in town were also well looked after. Dolls' heads and balls were bought for them, and Sir John presented them with silver cups when their old porringers were exchanged for new ones at the silversmith's. They were smartly turned out: they were fitted with white caps, hoods 'of the new mode', and ear-rings; Lady Hewitt's maid was paid five shillings for giving them the latest hair styles; 'Monsieur, the dancing master' visited them regularly and was paid £2 a month.

On the great day, May 29, when the King came home, the whole family moved out for one night:

May 29: The King came into London, my Master, Lady and their children lodged one night at Mr. Snowe's in Cheapside to see there the sights.

Given then to Mr. Snowe's 3 servants, 12s.

Paid there for a bottle of sack, 2s.

Paid for boats to bring us home by water from Mr. Snowe's, 6d.

Paid for faggots given to the bonfire, 3s.

For beer, nosegays and given a poor woman, 6d.

London went mad with joy from the first moment; 'The nation', wrote Ralph Josselin, Puritan vicar of Earls Colne, 'runneth into the ring as Israel to bring back David'. The junketings continued for weeks on end—at least, for

those, like the Barringtons, who could afford them.

There were family picnics in Hyde Park on at least nine occasions: on June 7, Hawkins paid 3s. 2d. 'for cherries and strawberries and currants in Hyde Park, Master Thomas and his sisters and his cousin, Turner, with him'. The Park, that remnant of the forest which once hemmed in London, was a fashionable rendezvous somewhat outside London and was reached on one side by Oxford Road, which was lined with hedges. On June 28 Sir John and Lady Barrington attended the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey, and that day Hawkins paid 7s. 8d. 'for wine at dinner, my Master having many friends at a venison pasty'. The pasty had been made from a side of venison sent to town the previous day by Rowland Lytton, Lady Barrington's brother.

At Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's

Thanksgiving Day was not the only occasion when the Barringtons visited the Abbey. Thomas had been there to see the tombs on May 24. His parents were there on the first two Sundays in September. They also attended services at St. Paul's and several city churches and heard the most fashionable preachers, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Wilkins, and little Mr. Duport, full of puns and verbal quibbles. Lady Barrington was addicted to sermons: John Hawkins bought her printed copies from time to time; on July 30, for instance, he paid 3s. 'for a pocket Book of Common Prayer, bound in Turkey leather and gilt, for my Master, and Dr. Sheldon's sermon for my Lady'. A few days earlier, he paid 2s. for 'Four schemes of Logic, Metaphysics, Philosophy and of Man's Life'.

In those joyous and crowded days, however, even a Puritan family, like the Barringtons, had little time for serious reading and reflection. There was the round of visits to friends, who, in turn, came to the lodgings. Thomas took his sisters to Mulberry Garden, where Buckingham Palace now stands, and to see the King's Printers in Blackfriars. Later, all three had their portraits painted by Theodore Russell, who had been an assistant to Vandyke. He charged Sir John £12 5s. Did he paint them on separate canvases or as a group, and do their faces still look out unrecognized from a corner of some country house?

In June, Lady Barrington found the pace too hot—or the food too rich:

June 23: For two plum cakes, 4d.

For two lobsters which Anthony bought, 2s. 6d.

To Mr. Pollinge's man who brought physic for my Lady at twelve at night, she being taken very ill, 1s.

For ale to make sage posset drink, honey, liquorice, coarse sugar and other things, for my Lady, 1s.

Given a woman that did something about my Lady, 1s.

The curdled milk of the sage posset was probably as much as Lady Barrington could take that Sunday. She could not even face a sermon, and Sir John had to go to church alone. But this was merely a temporary indisposition: the jollifications were soon resumed.

On the following Saturday, Master Thomas and John Hawkins had a busy time. They went to see the famous Dutch timber mill, the first recorded saw mill in England. Then they had a look at Sir Edward Ford's great water-engine,

erected four years earlier for raising Thames water ninety-three feet to supply the houses on high ground. Finally, they penetrated into the heart of the Palace of Whitehall and were shown the private apartments of the King and his brother, James, Duke of York.

July 5 was a day of public pageantry, when the King and Parliament (including Sir John) went in state to dine at Guildhall. Lady Barrington and the children watched the procession from an upper window in Mistress Eaton's house in Cheapside; and John Hawkins handed over 5s. to tip Mistress Eaton's maid.

On the following day there was a thrill of a different order:

July 6: Spent at the Tower and at the glass house, Master Thomas Barrington and his sisters and all the servants being there; two of them went and returned by water, which could not go by coach, 11s. 6d.

The coach wheel fell off in Fleet Street. Paid for nails and given the men that helped us, 1s. 6d.

July 7: Paid Anthony for setting up his horses in Smithfield yesterday while his coach was mending, 6d.

Apparently the coach was scarcely worth mending, and the second best coach was summoned up from Hatfield. A new one was ordered, but when it was delivered at 'The Bull' on July 23 Sir John was very dissatisfied with the painting of his armorial bearings. There was an earnest consultation in the yard of 'The Bull', when Mr. Smyth, the herald painter was called in. Another account book shows that Smyth's bill was settled on August 20:

Paid Mr. Smyth, the herald painter, for new-drawing, painting and gilding my Master's arms on the new coach, round about with all the quarterings. It was ill-done at the coachmakers and struck out *per* my Master's orders, the sum of as *per* bill, £3.10s.

Visit to Bedlam

On July 23, John Hawkins and Master Thomas went to Bedlam—'Given away at Bethlehem Hospital, Master Thomas being there to see the mad people, 1s. 6d.'. In those days and for long afterwards, visitors to Bedlam were as welcome as they are now to the Zoo: it was one of the sights of Town.

The following Saturday was a long and full day:

My Master and Lady and their children went aboard the pinnacle in which the King escaped after Worcester fight, and, after, to Chelsea by water.

Given away on the ship, 7s., and the boat-hire, 3s.

At night they supped at Mr. Wallop's chamber.

Delivered to my Master to give away there, 5s.

Given to the link boy for lighting us home, 6d.

The pinnacle, really a coal-brig, was 'The Surprise', which had taken the young fugitive King from Shoreham to Fécamp in the autumn of 1651. Charles renamed it 'The Royal Escape' and entered it in the Royal Navy with its own skipper, Nicholas Tattersall, in command—one of those rare times when he did remember his friends.

Eventually the holiday came to an end—first, for Master Thomas, though there was one more exciting experience for him:

July 30: For a box for Master Thomas to put up his books, 8d.

August 1: This day, Master Thomas Barrington went out of Town to go to Cambridge, but we were all robbed in the Forest. I lost of my Master's money, 15s.

Thomas lost all his linen and had to stay at Hatfield for a week until he was fitted up with cambric bands, bandstrings, and black worsted stockings. Anthony Summers was robbed of £3 and John Hawkins of 10s. 6d. of his own money and a hanger worth 26s.; these losses were all made good by Sir John.

Back in town, the girls had two more outings. On August 19, John Hawkins took them to York Gardens, off the Strand, visited by Pepys in the following year. On August 29, they went by coach to Bartholomew Fair and saw three plays there. The trunks were mended on September 9; then, on September 13—'This day went out of Town'. The final settlements listed by Hawkins have a visual quality: they almost form a procession. First, the carefully graduated rewards to Mr. Marden's servants, from 6s. to the cook-maid down to 2s. 6d. for 'Dorothy, a poor woman that helped in the kitchen' and 1s. 'to Mr. Chapman, a blind man, sometime Mr. Marden's clerk'. Then, the outstanding payments to Marden—nineteen weeks of small beer at 4s. per week; five barrels of 8s. beer; nineteen weeks' coal at 4s. 6d. a week. The horses were shod for 5s. 8d.; the coach repaired for 2s. 8d. The porter who helped out with the trunks received 2s. 6d.

The sum of 3s. 6d. in small change was scattered among the poor who gathered to watch the family board the coach. Hawkins paid 6s. 4d. for 'two quarts of sack and 2 lbs. of Naples biscuit to put into the coach'—twenty-eight miles was a long and tiring journey in 1660. Their landlord and two friends, Colonel Emerson and Mr. Muschampe, accompanied the coach through Epping Forest, where Thomas had been robbed, to Epping Town; here the farewell drinks cost Sir John 5s. 6d. Finally, the ringers at Hatfield Broad Oak earned their gratuity of 6s., for the bells rang out in greeting from the church tower. The Barringtons were home at last.

But they were no longer the same Barringtons who had set out in early May. The fountains of the Restoration flowed with the wine of unrestrained gaiety, and even a staunch Puritanism gave no immunity against such heady potion. So, in November, they returned to drink again.—*Home Service*

War Wife

Something in me has died that needed you.
And other faces draw before my eyes,
Beings who hint at what I'm changing to:
Beings that come alive when something dies.

No more the anguish on a barracks floor,
The iron beds, the steel cast into skies;
Hollow streets of a Texas town no more;
No more the outer roar and inner cries.

Now these new things flow into, catch my thought.

That face . . . and on the shore a spent fish lies.
Fish swim below—and when will they be caught?
Something must come alive when something dies.

I hear that girl's low voice and know it's true.
Something in me has died that needed you.

RICHARD MOORE

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT is generally agreed that the most beautiful ceramics in the world are those of the Chinese under the Sung dynasty; the only possible rival is the pottery of Persia or perhaps of Italy and Spain in the fifteenth century, and here it is the painted decoration rather than the pot itself which is to be admired. So in the exhibition of the arts of the Sung dynasty arranged by the Arts Council and the Oriental Ceramic Society at 4 St. James's Square, the 200 examples of the various wares of the period inevitably dominate the scene, though there are a few examples of the very rare paintings of the time, together with some sculpture, bronzes, jades, gold and silver, and lacquer.

If the method of manufacturing porcelain had been discovered in Europe in the Middle Ages or the early Renaissance it is possible that something to equal the Chinese wares might have been produced; but as it is, porcelain came in after the power to combine vitality and refinement, as in medieval ivories or metalwork, had gone from the useful arts. So in Europe we have vitality in early earthenware, which—with some obvious exceptions—has the quality and defects of folk art, and refinement or sophistication in the later porcelain made for a polite society. Only in Chinese porcelain are the two to be found together, as they are, to an extreme degree, in such work as the Tz'u Chou vase painted with brown flowers from the Fitzwilliam Museum or even in the cosmetic box lent by the Mount Trust (No. 217), an object of such fantastic elegance that it would make all Nymphenburg, Meissen, and Sèvres appear vulgar.

In the preface to the catalogue Basil Gray amusingly describes the popular image of the Sung dynasty as 'an enormously enlarged Bloomsbury, in which friendship, clarity of thought, and connoisseurship were the accepted values'. But he decides that this image is misleading, apparently on the grounds that this is the classic age of Chinese culture. If the exhibition could have included, which it obviously could not, some of the larger sculpture of the period and more of the paintings, we might have been given a different impression, but as it is the works shown here seem perfectly characteristic not so much of a time of classical authority as of what Soulié de Morant has described as an age 'of philosophical withdrawal

and of love for the past'. The production of a spittoon which could safely take its place among the art treasures of any museum would appear to imply an almost unimaginable stage of refinement, except, of course, for the fact that it was superstitiously placed in a grave and would seem to presuppose the habit of spitting.



Jade buffalo: from 'The Arts of the Sung Dynasty' at the Arts Council Gallery

By permission of the Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

Thomas Agnew, 43 Old Bond Street, has a remarkable exhibition of paintings by seventeenth-century masters*. Most of the pictures belong to the gallery but the exhibition is reinforced by several masterpieces from public or private collections which have passed through Agnew's hands in the past. From the Fuller Foundation in Boston has come a great Rembrandt, the 'Portrait of a Man in a Fur-Lined Coat', a profoundly sympathetic study of character and a work which displays the artist's marvellous feeling for the texture and substance of flesh, hair, and fur, things which in his hands become infinitely precious while at the same time remaining completely themselves. Sir John Heathcoat-Amory has lent a beautiful Claude and also Poussin's 'Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine', a fairly early and a familiar work—it was in the Cook collection—which it is a great pleasure to see again; because it is, rather surprisingly, on panel it was thought unwise to send it to the current exhibition in Paris. An early portrait of a man by Velasquez, lent by Colin Agnew, is severe, ascetic, even dry, but of great distinction. An early but exciting Rubens, 'The Battle of the Amazons', a dashing Frans Hals, and a brilliantly clever candlelight picture by Gerard Seghers are also to be seen.

'Critic's Selection' at Tooth's is not like the five previous exhibitions held there under the title 'Critic's Choice'. The critic this year is Denys Sutton, and while his predecessors have done what they were asked and chosen the work of between five and nine living British artists, he has required more freedom and made

his choice from among the work of forty-one painters and sculptors. This is obviously safer, for it must be a most difficult and invidious task to decide which half-dozen living artists one really admires most, but at the same time Sutton defends his wide choice in a polite and agreeable introduction in which he describes his education as an art critic and defends his taste as being that of 'an idler, with no real line, a dilettante, with a number of prejudices but, I hope, an open mind'. The only kind of modern painting not included in the exhibition is that of the modern realists, with which he says he never feels quite at ease, though he admires past realists such as Caravaggio and Courbet.

This is all very disarming, but who is it, one may ask, that he wants to

disarm? It seems obvious that any critic ought to be able to stretch his powers of appreciation to the point where he can see something in the early John or the Dobson bronze he has chosen, as well as in the painting by Alan Davie or the abstract construction by Victor Pasmore. In fact the only complaint we may reasonably make is one for which he has prepared us, that it might have been better if it had included some of the modern realists in the place of some of the more conspicuously fashionable works.

The Beaux Arts Gallery has an interesting exhibition in which fourteen well-chosen paintings by Permeke are mixed up with works by various younger artists who have exhibited in the gallery. The work which stands up best to Permeke is a 'Man in a Landscape' by Michael Andrews, not because it is at all like his painting but because of its really startling realism. It is difficult to understand the quality of this picture; the figure appears to be more completely there, more embarrassingly in the room, like the inexplicable intrusion of a stranger, than seems at all reasonable in a painted image.

At 70 Brook Street the Folio Society is exhibiting drawings, wood engravings, and printing designs by Cecil Keeling, who combines elegant craftsmanship with a humorous imagination.

* The picture on our cover is from this exhibition

Letters to the Editor

'The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha'

Sir,—Mr. Robert Blake's review of *The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha* by James Minney (THE LISTENER, June 23) is so appreciative of the book, and so manifestly sympathetic towards its subject, that I do not wish to sound any controversial note in regard to his reflective conclusions. But some qualifying comments are desirable.

He rightly says that Cardwell and Haldane, Hore-Belisha's two 'eminent predecessors' as reforming War Ministers, 'operated in a reforming climate'—and adds 'this was certainly not the climate of the nineteen-thirties'. That observation is truer in regard to the political sphere than to the military. Mr. Blake goes on to say:

Moreover there was another difference. It had been admitted even in military circles that the Crimean and Boer Wars revealed alarming defects . . . No similar admissions were made about the Great War—at all events none on the level from which Hore-Belisha drew official advice.

That remark requires qualification, in fairness to a large number of the general officers of the period between the wars.

The need to 'revive the art of generalship', to avoid attrition battles of the 1914-18 type, and to achieve 'a complete change of mental outlook', were the keynotes of the striking address delivered by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1927 when the first experimental mechanized force was formed. 'No more Sommes and Passchendaeles' was a constant keynote at conferences on training and tactics. In 1932 a War Office committee, composed of eight of the ablest younger generals, was appointed to examine the 'lessons of the war', and their report endorsed all the basic criticisms of our practice that had been made in my history of the war published two years earlier. That history was adopted as the standard textbook at Sandhurst. All this is evidence that there was a strong reforming current in the Army of that inter-war period.

It was also a very common remark that 'we need a fresh Cardwell or Haldane to carry out the necessary changes'—my files contain numerous letters to that effect from generals of the time.

But when the opportunity was provided, by the appointment of a Secretary of State eager for progress, few of them were prepared to move as fast as had become necessary in view of the imminent likelihood of war. Too many of the seniors, even those who had urged the need for change, had lost vigour and decision through prolonged frustration, marking time, and advancing age—while becoming more reluctant to take drastic measures that would affect old ties of friendship, tradition, and regimental interest. When Hore-Belisha entered the War Office, the average age at which officers reached the higher posts in the Army was seven years older than in Haldane's time. So it was natural that they should want to 'go slow'—as they often said in talking of changes that they agreed were necessary.

To 'persuade', as Mr. Blake says, is the best

way to achieve progress without reaction and ill-feeling, but in Hore-Belisha's case it was not so practicable a way as in Haldane's. For persuasion is not enough to make aging men quicken their pace beyond what is natural to them, and in 1937 there was not time to wait until they retired, nor to wait upon their pace. War looked very close, and came within two years, whereas there was no imminent threat of it when Haldane took office, and eight years' grace for unhurried reforms before the outbreak of war in 1914. That was the vital difference between the two cases, and the crux of Hore-Belisha's problem.

The tragedy of 1940 had its roots in the inevitable conflict between the desirability of Service harmony and the needs of readiness for war. Here lay Hore-Belisha's basic handicap from the start.

Mr. Blake is right in saying that in 1937 'it was vital to replace the dismissed generals with officers whose views were reasonably close to his own radical outlook', and goes on to suggest that he should have chosen 'a Montgomery or an Alanbrooke' instead of Gort. But that does not take account of the state of the generals' list at the time, and the increased resentment that would have been aroused by passing over many more officers in choosing a new C.I.G.S. Gort was already filling a lieutenant-general's post, while Montgomery was only a brigadier, and Alan Brooke less than half way up the major-generals' list. Moreover, Gort constantly expressed more radical views than either, prior to his elevation. The tank corps leaders who more truly shared Hore-Belisha's radical outlook had only just reached major-generals' grade. That unfortunate factor of relative seniority, resulting from past years of stagnation in promotion, was fatal to the hope of quick enough progress in modernizing the Army to meet the *Blitzkrieg* of the German tank forces—modelled on the new ideas that had first been developed in Britain, during the nineteen-twenties.

A smaller point on which Mr. Blake is off course is his supposition that Hore-Belisha 'by choosing as his unofficial counsellor Captain Liddell Hart . . . arch-critic of the strategy in the 1914-18 war' put himself at a disadvantage compared with 'Duff Cooper, his predecessor [who] in sharp contrast had published a highly favourable biography of Haig'. That supposition does not tally with the fact that my history of the 1914-18 war was the official textbook at Sandhurst. Moreover, Duff Cooper himself consulted me frequently while he was War Minister, introduced me to Hore-Belisha when the latter succeeded him, and took the initiative in suggesting to Hore-Belisha that he should utilize me in the same way. Mr. Blake would have been nearer the mark if he had pointed to my advocacy of priority for the tank arm as a cause of friction. But none of this had any relation to the clash with the generals in 1939 that led to Hore-Belisha's removal, for long before that—in the summer of 1938—I had given up my private advisory role. For by then it had become clear to me that the pace of progress was too slow to match the emergency, so I wished to be

free to apply the spur of public criticism, and at the same time remove myself as a possible cause of friction between the Minister and his official advisers.

But Mr. Blake's final reflection as to the basic 'grievance' that led the 'hierarchy' to urge Hore-Belisha's removal may be as near the mark as any historian will ever get. For the War Minister's emphasis on making the Army more 'democratic' and his wide appeal to the 'other ranks' was 'the unforgivable sin' in the view not only of 'top soldiers' but of some of his chief colleagues in the Government and many members of the Conservative Party, its predominant component. Hore-Belisha's realization of this was shown in his resignation speech when he said: 'It did not occur to me to consider that we were making the Army too democratic to fight for democracy'.

A question that remains for historians to examine is how much was achieved in his time at the War Office in comparison with that of Cardwell and Haldane, who were there much longer. Mr. Blake remarks: 'His achievement was by no means negligible, but he never rivalled their success'—and that is the common view. It is true that, apart from introducing conscription, he made no single change as big as Cardwell did in abolishing promotion by purchase and in reorganizing the regimental structure; or Haldane did in forming a six-division Expeditionary Force out of the Regular Army and a Territorial Force out of the Volunteers. But the reforms Hore-Belisha carried through were more numerous than theirs, and a greater advance in many ways, achieving some seventy notable improvements—in strategic and tactical organization, training and education, conditions of service, pay, and promotion.

Cardwell's reforms did not go far enough to produce an efficient army, and its performance against the Boers was shockingly poor. Haldane's produced a well-balanced expeditionary force, but its professional performance in 1914 was not so good as legend suggests. Its successes in defence were due mainly to stubborn courage, *esprit de corps*, discipline, and a high standard of musketry training. In attack, it showed little ability to exploit fine opportunities. The army of 1939-40 was professionally superior in many respects. That was demonstrated by a brilliant performance in the opening campaign in Africa. In the West the new B.E.F. was let down by a French collapse much worse than in 1914, yet was extricated from a desperate situation, and in dealing with this many of the commanders, of all grades, showed tactical ability as well as determination. If it had not been for Hore-Belisha's measures to improve selection and quicken the promotion of promising officers their positions would have been occupied by older men less fitted to meet the emergency.

Yours, etc.,

Marlow

B. H. LIDDELL HART

Criminal Responsibility

Sir,—I listened with great interest to the discussion between Lady Wootton and Professor Hart on this subject (Third Programme,

June 29). It seemed to me that Lady Wootton was allowing her experience of offenders in the Juvenile Court too great an influence in forming her opinions on sentences generally. I agree with so much that she said; but I felt strongly that, if the first consideration is to be to find ways of making good citizens out of offenders, and only the last to be the possible need to protect society, some very bad examples will be set. I would much like to know what sentence those who think like Lady Wootton would like to see passed on such as the following:

(a) Those who steal from the goods that they handle in their work. In London before, during, and after the war I was repeatedly told of vast losses of goods in transport. Post Office workers and others stealing registered mail are in the same category.

(b) Those who in street disturbances end by striking police officers.

When it was my task to pass sentences I usually asked myself, first: Am I free to concentrate on measures which I hope will cure the offender, or must I punish to deter others and thus protect society? I believe my record in trying to cure offenders was on the whole a good one, but I never regarded my duty to protect society as of lesser importance. I agree that these two factors frequently clash, and I am conscious that some people thought that I erred in concentrating on the needs of individual offenders too often. But I am confident that Lady Wootton would not have approved of many of the sentences that I gave.

As to murder cases, what sentence would Lady Wootton like to see passed on a long-suffering husband who in the end picks up the poker and kills his nagging wife? If set free, such a man would probably be a law-abiding citizen; if he remarried, he would not be likely to choose a nagging woman. His 'mental responsibility for his act' would not be likely to be found 'substantially impaired' under the Homicide Act of 1957. But if no severe penalty was applied to such a murderer, I fear that many exasperated husbands or wives (and I saw a good number in my matrimonial sittings) would seek this or similar ways out of their troubles.

Theories that may work well in Juvenile Courts can be dangerous in the sterner world that deals with older offenders.—Yours, etc.,

Petworth

CLAUD MULLINS

Pressure at Eighteen-plus

Sir,—Mr. Ralph Jeffery's letter (THE LISTENER, June 23) is very apt to the main theme, in that it reminds your readers that the foundation of all secondary, further and university education is laid in the primary school, and that reading ability is the essence and the measure of the success of that stage.

One of the interesting side-lines to the investigation which the University of London Institute of Education and the National Foundation for Educational Research will be carrying out, using the augmented Roman alphabet for the teaching of infants, is likely to be more knowledge about the relation of both intelligence and emotional stability to reading success.

There is a growing view that the I.Q. at later stages is not solely innate, but the product of the innate element and the subsequent environmental element, and it will be interesting to compare, over the period of the research, the

growth of the I.Q. of the infants taught with a method which relies upon the child's intelligence, with that of the other infants in the control classes.

Within the field of emotional disturbances of children, we may learn during the research whether we ought to overthrow the prevalent view that the chicken of emotional disturbance precedes and causes reading failure, and whether we ought rather to substitute the view that reading failure is the egg which precedes and causes the frustration and disturbance.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons

I. J. PITMAN

Sir,—The letters on 'Pressure at Eighteen-plus' have raised a great many issues, but in reply the only general point I would like to make, or re-make, is about the need for research. Mr. Agate (THE LISTENER, June 16) said that in his Midlands town five-year-old children were not graded at 'high tables for the cleverest children and low tables for the duds'. Mr. Jeffery (June 23) protested that in Leeds his five-year-old daughter was anxiously moving from lower to higher tables. These are just two witnesses about two places. But how little systematic knowledge there is about the extent of streaming, its rigidity, the ages to which it applies, and, above all, about its effect on the capacity to learn of different children.

Mr. Pedley (June 9) was undoubtedly right when he said that streaming does suit some children. No one would blame him for being proud that his son is going to Cambridge. But let him re-read *Vice-Versa* and try to imagine himself in the mind of the boy who does not succeed. Are some of the children in the 'B' and 'C' streams crippled by a sense of failure, losing confidence in themselves? Is the extension of the grading of schoolchildren, which is probably now carried further in England than anywhere else in the world, responsible in part for the growth of delinquency? In the absence of the needed research, we cannot answer such questions. But they are surely important ones to ask, with a close bearing on the buoyancy of our society. I hope that Mr. Wylls (June 30) from Los Angeles will heed the views of Dr. Conant and not press for streaming at all ages in American schools without considering such evidence as there is about its possible effects on the morale of parents and children in general, the weak as well as the strong.

As for the universities, Mr. Andrews (June 16) as well as Mr. Pedley and Mr. Freeman (June 9) all seemed to assume that I wanted to 'level down' Oxford and Cambridge. I can assure them that this is not so, as I tried to make clear in the very much abridged version published in THE LISTENER on June 2 as well as in the much longer programme as it was broadcast. (Mr. Freeman and others will, I hope, find some of their questions answered if they are able to listen to the repeat of the full version on July 24.) It would be preposterous to reduce the quality of the ancient universities at a time when we need quality in our educational system more than ever before. But it would surely be sensible to do everything possible to 'level up' by raising the prestige of the modern universities?

The trouble is again that in the absence of research it is extraordinarily difficult to be sure whether the kind of steps advocated by Mr.

Weinberg (June 16) and by Mr. Mishan (June 23) would work, or whether the kind of criticism made by Miss Freda Turner (June 23) is generally justified. What determines the quality of a university from the point of view of the students both while they are at the university and retrospectively after they have graduated? Until the students are asked what they think, until the subsequent careers of graduates from different universities are compared in detail, until more facts about the effects of our varied educational system are collected, many of the decisions taken will be based on nothing except guesswork. They are a great deal too important for that.

A final word: may I beg Mr. Freeman not to be so contemptuous of 'what passes as a university in other countries'? If we do not even bother to find out about the way schools and universities are run in Boston and Berkeley, Zurich and Moscow, it is not only Oxford that will be doomed.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.2

MICHAEL YOUNG

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

In Praise of Political Apathy

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Martin (THE LISTENER, June 23) quotes (from a recent Moral Rearmament pamphlet) a definition of ideology as 'an idea that dominates the whole of a person—his motives, his living and his thinking so that he fights with a strategy to get everybody else to live the same way'. May I quote, from Lionel Trillings's *The Liberal Imagination*, an alternative definition? 'Ideology is not the product of thought; it is the habit or the ritual of showing respect for certain formulas to which, for various reasons having to do with emotional safety, we have very strong ties of whose meaning and consequences in actuality we have no clear understanding'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E. 26 O. G. W. STALLYBRASS

'Twentieth Century Theatre'

Sir,—May I claim the courtesy of space to make a short reply to a point raised in Mr. Wardle's last review (THE LISTENER, June 30)?

He concludes a survey of 'Twentieth Century Theatre', which has occupied every Sunday evening for six months, by saying that the state of new drama has been less healthy. This is a short period about which to make a definitive statement. New writing has been a long-term plan since 1950 and, among other plans, this spring has seen the preparation of a series of new full-length plays for the autumn. In any case, if the pages of *Radio Times* from January to June are turned, the titles of new works by, among others, John Elliot, Giles Cooper, Duncan Ross, Terence Dudley, Robert Barr, Colin Morris, Arthur Swinson, Michael Gilbert, and Elaine Morgan will be found in addition to the two, John Arden and John Mortimer, whom Mr. Wardle mentions.

He left his statement with the hope of a posthumous reply. A letter has perforce to be brief, but I trust the reply is posthumous only in the sense that we are temporarily saying farewell to a critic whose quality we have come to appreciate and whose future we shall watch with interest.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C.,

London, W.12 MICHAEL BARRY

Head of Drama, Television

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Intellectuals in Politics. By James Joll. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

Reviewed by DAVID THOMSON

MR. JOLL IS A MASTER of the attractively thoughtful, elegant, biographical essay. Here he applies his skill to three oddly assorted men of the twentieth century: Léon Blum, the French socialist leader who headed the Popular Front government of 1936; Walter Rathenau, one of Germany's leading industrialists who did much to shape his country's economy during the first world war and who became Foreign Minister under Weimar, in time to sign the Treaty of Rapallo in 1922 before being murdered on June 24; and F. T. Marinetti, the Italian creator of 'Futurism' who served as a precursor of Mussolini's fascism.

What have these three men in common? They were born within the same decade. Each made careers in other fields before he entered active politics. All were concerned with the political and human problems of the new age of machinery. They belonged to an intellectual and artistic world that was European in character, and if they never met they had friends in common. They were men of ideas led into politics because of the intellectual position they had reached, and all suffered as a result of becoming politicians. All, in diverse ways, were political failures. Blum and Rathenau were Jews. Beyond this, the differences and contrasts are more striking (and more significant) than the similarities and parallels.

Blum, the clearest and simplest case of the 'intellectual in politics', enjoyed also the longest political career and was relatively the most successful. If he brought to the harsh dilemmas of his day the intellectual distinction and finesse of a man of thought and letters, and a degree of moral courage which, instinctively recognized by the French workers, won him their loyalty to the grave, he brought also the intellectual's characteristic hesitancy in action, dislike of harsh and irrevocable decisions, sensitivity to the complexities of political life. Rathenau, less genuinely an intellectual and more of a mystic, with a more shrewd grasp of economic realities than of political, had basically very little in common with a man such as Blum. Marinetti, avowedly and wildly anti-intellectualist, made his influence felt more through the inter-war modernist aesthetic movements of revolt than through political movements proper. To the more brash but forceful Mussolini fell the opportunity to express Italy's nationalist grievances in action. Marinetti never held political power.

There is, then, despite their contemporaneity and the appearances of common ground, little to link the three men together. The book is a volume of essays rather than one book: though it hints, stimulatingly and tantalizingly, at a host of profound issues of modern politics. Who in England would qualify for inclusion—Laski or Cripps? Does the man of power need, for success, something lacked by the true intellectual? Can egg-heads govern? Anyhow, what does success in politics mean? Was Napoleon, in the

long-run of history, successful? With modern Germany partitioned, was even Bismarck? The reforms that Blum strove for and passed remain the basic structure of social security in De Gaulle's Republic.

Samuel Palmer's Valley of Vision

By Geoffrey Grigson.

Phoenix House. 25s.

The newcomer to Shoreham will find a ten-page essay, fourteen pages of brief, well-selected extracts from Palmer's writings, and the rest notes on the plates in this attractive picture book. It is a digest for the general reader of the same author's *Samuel Palmer, The Visionary Years* (1947), in which the painter's natural prolixity in correspondence was given full scope, with some interesting additional quotations from the one Palmer note-book to survive (for 1824-25), which is to be published by the Blake Trust. There are some sixteen illustrations which are not in the larger book and some fascinating details from the group of sepia and gum varnished drawings. These last give something of the effect in relation to Palmer's view of nature that one gets from poring into a piece of meadow turf.

Mr. Grigson likes to think that 'Palmer, at Shoreham, in a few resolute years, had brought English romanticism to a unique summit in the morass of its decay'. It was a very private summit, and it was so far outside the main tradition of 'English romanticism' that it might as well have been in the Andes. It had no effect on English romanticism, which was in quite a healthy condition but has had the posthumous misfortune not to be liked by Mr. Grigson. But Palmer's private summit was a very splendid one and it is well represented by the pictures in this book, while the selection from his writings admirably indicates the remarkable quality of the painter's mind, and his feeling for nature, during the years they were painted.

ELLIS WATERHOUSE

The Writer and his World. Essays by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. 21s.

It struck me in reading Percy Lubbock's *Portrait of Edith Wharton*, a book so devoted to perfect moments and 'rare hours' among his friends, that a new characteristic came into upper-class behaviour in his period and perhaps still survives: I mean the use of moneyed leisure, of friendship, charming gardens and exquisite interiors not for ostentation but for the cultivation of unworldliness, the pursuit of a substitute version of quietism and mystical experience, of moments 'in and out of time', not by denying material gratifications but by satisfying them. It was not by any means a wholly unworthy aim; but I am afraid it helps to explain the appeal of Charles Morgan's less attractive brand of bogus quietism.

The concept which runs through this post-humous collection of his essays and addresses is that of timelessness. The artist lives in a timeless world, beyond the reach of *isms* and ideologies, and the ordinary person would be better if he

imitated him. The greatest blessing a man can have is 'time out', an enforced holiday ('Release from the Pressure of Existence is a Means of Progress') and his greatest error is to let anything spoil his acceptance and enjoyment of his individual life. 'The more dangerous the world appears to be, the more invulnerable must our individualism be made'. And invulnerable Morgan's own seemed to be. Outside it lurked a shadowy gang of 'modernists', 'materialists', psychologists and existentialists, sinister figures like Sartre and Picasso who 'adhere to the fashion of disintegration and non-lucidity' together with meddling politicians who wanted to keep children at school even longer and tinkered with the natural laws of supply and demand; but within it one could keep one's spirit clear for the timeless things, like the prose of the Authorised Version, dinner by candlelight, and the verse of Rupert Brooke. One's Conscience was safe in doing so, for it was only the 'pompous little men' who wanted to circumscribe the artist and drag him into today's ephemeral hurly-burly. One sees why Morgan's Buddhist appeal to social prejudice succeeded, for in his role of artist and seer he seemed to give respectability to a secret and shame-faced hope, the enduring conviction that if one were patient and brave the world of teddy-boys and trade unions would roll away at last like the dream it is, and reality be revealed, attired as the Wiltshire landscape, Georgian silver, and Georgian verse.

It is fair to add that, if you can swallow the suggestion of timeless communion between master spirits, Morgan says some reasonably sensitive things about Turgenev's *First Love* and Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*.

P. N. FURBANK

China in the Morning

By Nicholas Wollaston. Cape. 25s.

We cannot know enough of what is going on in China, and this account of a recent journey, although the author's movements were severely circumscribed, is a welcome addition to the small amount of unbiased reporting hitherto available. Mr. Wollaston, who went to China as an independent traveller, has an observant eye and a nice sense of humour. Also, he writes clearly and well; he actually succeeds in arousing the reader's interest in his accounts of visits to the usual factories, collective farms, and other examples of 'progress', which must in practice have been most dreary.

The overall picture we are given is extremely depressing. It bears no resemblance to the old-fashioned romantic conception of China still held by many both here and in the United States. Mr. Wollaston was deeply impressed by the rapid progress which has been made in Communist China, although he found that it was accompanied by rigid bureaucracy, a deadly and humourless earnestness alien to the Chinese character, drastic suppression of individual feelings, and a venomous propaganda directed against both Britain and America.

When he left, Mr. Wollaston went on to have a look at both North and South Viet-Nam, Laos, and Cambodia. His account of China is

in itself sufficiently frightening, but it becomes much more so when it is seen against the background of conditions in these little countries to the south, bickering among themselves, heedless of the changes to the north. It is hardly surprising that the author found them much more attractive; the people were warm-hearted and human individuals, and it was possible to enjoy a good deal of sleepy happiness. Mr. Wollaston was not, however, taken in by the sham prosperity (perhaps the result of misplaced foreign aid), and he was rightly alarmed by the contrast between the efficiency of Communist China and the apathy and corruption in several of the non-communist countries on her border. 'Communism in China', he notes, 'is bringing the things that the Chinese want and bringing them fast. In North Viet-Nam it seemed to be doing very little good. In South Viet-Nam, surely, was a chance for the non-communist world to show that these same things can be brought another way. But between North and South Viet-Nam is the sealed frontier separating communism from capitalism, the bamboo curtain. And inside South Viet-Nam there is another barrier—the bamboozle curtain—which is just as impenetrable, dividing humbug from reality, the sharkskin-suited rulers from the people'.

This excellent and thoughtful book is none the worse for being short and easy to read. Nobody who wishes to understand what is going on in the Far East should neglect it.

JOHN MORRIS

Shakespeare and the Rose of Love

By John Vyvyan.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

This book ought to have been longer, for the author has given himself room only to expound, and not to defend, his thesis. He maintains that Shakespeare was deeply influenced, if not by the *Romance of the Rose* itself, at any rate by the medieval conception of love. This seems probable. But it is also his 'aim to uncover a little of the meaning that the heroine, as a love-symbol, has in Shakespeare' (p.182). *Symbol* is not here used vaguely—Mr. Vyvyan is too good a writer so to use it—as a synonym for 'instance' or 'type'. The heroine 'is in her second nature, the allegorical figure either of love itself or of the beauty by which love is awakened' (p.20); 'Silvia is a personification' (p.112); 'the duality of Shakespearean heroines is a principle' (p.66). All this seems to me like putting a man on his trial before a *prima facie* case has been made out. If we started by knowing that Shakespeare's plays were allegorical, we might well accept Mr. Vyvyan's interpretation. But he really makes no attempt to convince us that there is any allegory. He assumes it, as Fulgentius assumed it in Virgil or St. Augustine in Genesis. That he can make out an allegory is no sufficient proof. It is impossible for the wit of man to devise a story which the wit of some other man cannot allegorize. The author does not, to my mind, show that the plays will either read or act better if we accept his theory. He does not show how such a 'duality' could have helped Shakespeare. On the contrary, we are told that 'when drama is allegory, compromise is inevitable' (p.131), so that the theory is as much an excuse for bad scenes as an explanation of good ones.

I do not conclude that the book has no value. The author's analyses of individual plays are

always interesting and often draw our attention to neglected points. But we are left saying 'This may be so, but there is still no evidence that it is'. Surely Mr. Vyvyan must have foreseen, and ought to have rebutted one very obvious answer to his question (p.188): 'Why is Shakespearean allegory so elusive?' We are promised another volume which will investigate Shakespeare's debt to Plato. I look forward to this with interest, but I hope the existence of the debt will be established before its character is investigated. No inquirer needs to use Occam's razor more vigorously than the literary critic.

C. S. LEWIS

Authority, Responsibility and Education By R. S. Peters.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Dr. Peters has here collected together and partially revised some broadcast talks and lectures. He is a master of the conversational style, and reading these essays is rather like listening to a nice intelligent man talking quietly by the fire-side after dinner. He comments on the change in the nature of authority. No longer the father-figure laying down the law, but instead an impersonal set of rules, constantly being criticized, altered, and re-emphasized in the light of new knowledge and sharpened rationality. We reason: 'Why?' Does not this make some of us long for a charismatic authority who will tell us the answer?

And all this reasoning, sometimes half-baked, has other dangers. We are up in Marx and Freud, and then think that their theories 'provide us with a blank cheque on the Bank of Exonerating Circumstances'. We cash in on the causal and muddle it up with the unalterable, like the little girl who said to the probation officer: 'It's no good doing anything for me, Miss; you see I come from a broken home'. 'Then, of course', we hear Dr. Peters say, 'there's education'. So many theories, such confusion. We ought to 'learn by doing' but then we have to learn to do. 'Practical wisdom' is not passed on by preaching, but we must find out at what age 'practical wisdom' can most effectively be passed on. We turn to the psychologists—a wretched lot fiddling away with their rats and their mazes. Dr. Peters sits bolt upright and speaks quite strongly on this point. Let the psychologist go to the educationist and find out what his problems and his hunches are. And Dr. Peters lapses into silence with a string of questions. Listening to Dr. Peters is an enjoyable and occasionally chastening experience, which can, indeed, be recommended to all.

W. J. H. SPROTT

George and Robert Stephenson

By L. T. C. Rolt. Longmans. 30s.

Mr. Rolt has written the lives of two great engineers, I. K. Brunel and Thomas Telford, and now completes his trilogy with a study of the railway revolution and two men who played a conspicuous part in creating the right conditions and using the available opportunities. The father, George Stephenson, who had vision and self-confidence, is popularly thought of as the inventor of the steam locomotive and the railways. This was due not only to the competence of his biographer, Samuel Smiles, but also to the way in which this inventor failed to acknow-

ledge those 'predecessors and contemporaries whose work, in the technical sense, contributed at least as much to the ultimate practical success of the locomotive railway'. Modest and self-doubting Robert had his story told by J. C. Jeaffreson, who made no exaggerated claims for his subject.

Having read both these volumes, Mr. Rolt decided that any fresh analysis of the Stephensons, if it were to add to historical understanding, would have to 'deal with father and son together on a perfectly equal footing'. This is what has been done in this original and accurate account based on letters, reports and minute books. It tells of an engineering partnership—including the construction of the famous 'Rocket', the completion of the Stockton and Darlington, Liverpool and Manchester, and London and Birmingham railways, the conquest of the allegedly impassable Chat Moss, and the building of great tubular bridges—in which the acquired technical skill of the sensible son directed the inherited gifts of a wayward father who was sustained by a grand vision of a nation-wide railway network.

This biography is a work of distinction in both the historical and social senses. It is written by one who adds engineering knowledge to biographical skill. It brings into proper focus the efforts of great men such as Richard Trevithick, George Hudson, and Charles Vignolles, who contributed their quota to the building of a railway age of which the two Stephensons were the chief architects. More than this, it was the intention of the author to build a bridge himself to span the gulf between the arts and sciences: 'It has widened and deepened rapidly in the last hundred years. If it is not bridged, and bridged quickly, the future of our civilization will be dark indeed'.

E. W. MARTIN

The Fall and Rise of Alfred Krupp

By Gordon Young. Cassell. 21s.

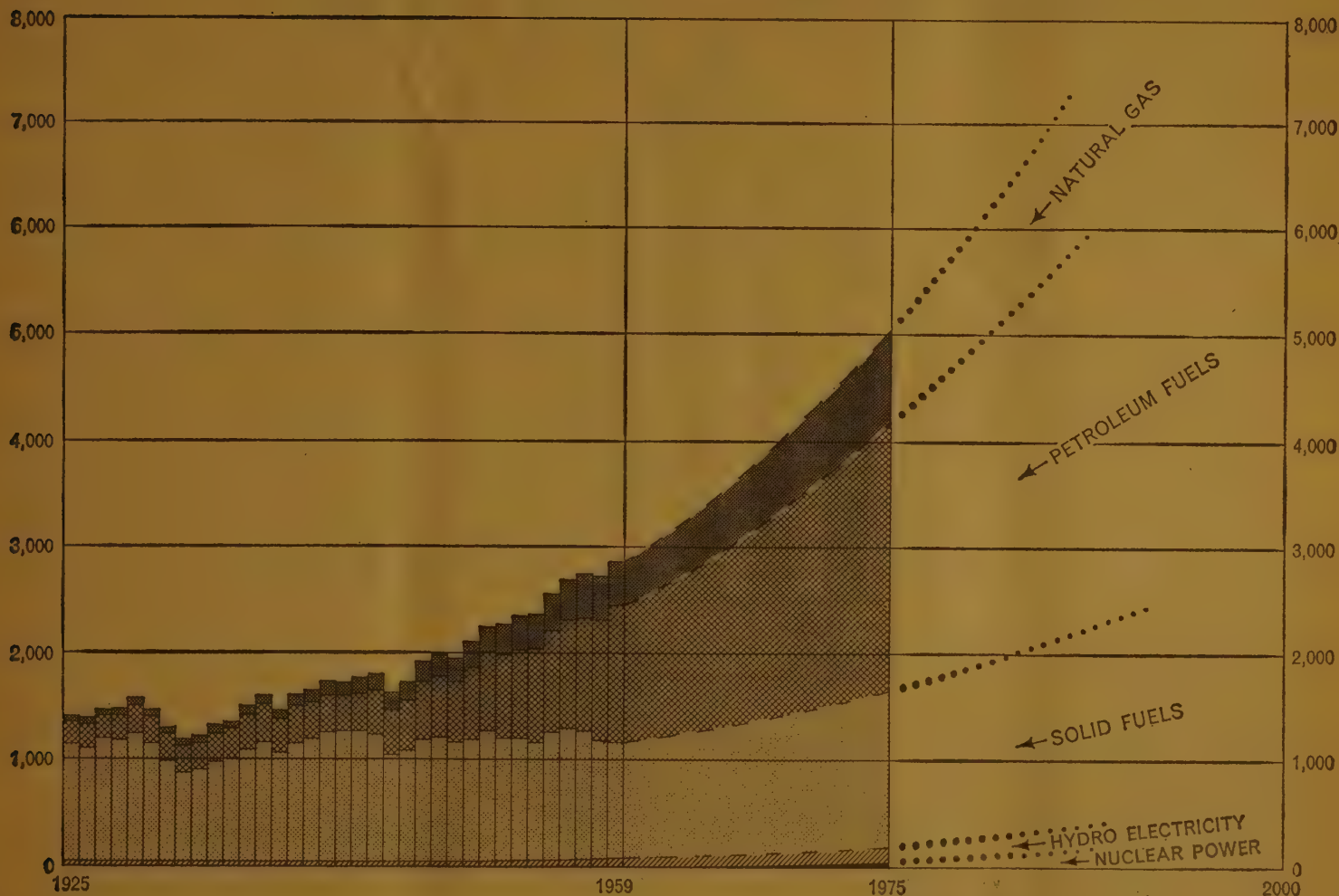
Mr. Young covers a good deal of ground in 161 pages. His book is a quick sketch rather than a detailed study. But it is sound and reasonable in its conclusions.

There are forty pages on the history of the Krupp family since 1587 and of the firm of Krupp from its foundation in 1812 to the end of the first world war, by which time the family, through failure of the male succession, had changed its name from Krupp to von Bohlen und Halbach. These are successful in conveying the essential information not only about the growth of the firm but also about the character of the family; the atmosphere in its famous residence, the Villa Hügel, built before 1880 on the outskirts of Essen; and the upbringing of Alfred, the present proprietor, who was born in 1907 and who became involved in the firm's management in 1936. The inter-war years are dealt with more briefly. We are given a few details of the activities of the firm, under Alfred's father, Gustav, in evading the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and in providing financial assistance to Hitler. These do not add up to a reasoned analysis of the Krupp influence or lack of influence on German policy, but they suggest that, as reasonable men would expect, the sole aim of the firm was the well-being of the firm in spite of Mr. Young's reference to Gustav's twenty-five years of 'plotting and planning'. The next section of the

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book, which deals with the refusal of the International Military Tribunal to try the firm in 1945 and with the subsequent decision of the American authorities to try it before an American occupation court, is similarly rather superficial. But it is difficult now to quarrel with its conclusions: that the International Tribunal was right to refuse to act; that the American court was right in dismissing the charges brought against the firm under the counts of crimes against the peace and crimes of aggression; and that the sentences passed on Alfried and his associates for the crimes of plunder in foreign countries and the employment of slave labour were excessive. It is not that Krupp did not participate in German rearmament or that foreign countries were not

plundered or that slave labour was not employed and ill-treated, but that Krupp and other firms should never have been brought to trial for the good reason stated by one of the American tribunals at the time: 'The defendants were . . . neither high public officials . . . nor high military officers. . . . If we lower the standard of participation to include them, it is difficult to find a logical place to draw the line between the guilty and the innocent among the great mass of the German people. . . .'

The sentences included the confiscation of all Alfried's property, and the last and longest part of the book traces the ironical process by which the confiscation, together with the Allied policies of dismantling and decentralizing German industry, has been completely reversed in stages

since 1950, and by which Krupp has become once again the formidable combine that it was before the war. Mr. Young is here on ground that has been less heavily worked and he performs a useful service in collecting the evidence together and in putting it in perspective. In so far as the process has been due to Krupp resilience he exaggerates the importance of the personal ability of Alfried and his new General Manager, and underestimates the importance of basic developments favouring technocracy and big business. Otherwise, and notably in his conclusion that extraneous circumstances have helped Krupp most, that Russia rather than capitalist intrigue or his own ability has been Alfried's best friend, his comments are again quite sound.

F. H. HINSLEY

New Novels

Casanova's Chinese Restaurant. By Anthony Powell. Heinemann. 16s.

The Golden Rule of General Wong. By Charles Fenn. Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.

Barbary Coast. By Michael Lewis. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

A Certain Compass. By Lettice Cooper. Gollancz. 15s.

MR. POWELL's new novel is so good and so different from anything that anyone else is writing that it deserves a text to itself. This is the fifth of his *The Music of Time* series and I shall accordingly borrow my text from the late Constant Lambert's *Musical Ho!* On page 82 Lambert wrote as follows:

It is highly undesirable, of course, that the time element in musical design should be put to the purposes of sentimental narrative, but the mere fact that it can be so used distinguishes it from plastic design. The repetitions of a certain underlying curve in an abstract or representational picture have no dramatic content because they occur in the same moment of time—one's eye can choose which it looks at first, or take in the various statements of the same form simultaneously. But the return of the first subject after the development in a symphonic movement has an inevitable touch of the dramatic, merely through the passage of time that has elapsed since its first statement. Time, in fact, is rather vulgarly dramatic; it is the sentimentalist of the dimensions, and small wonder that *visuels*, like Wyndham Lewis, feel that it is occupying too much space in our lives.

In this fifth symphony of time Mr. Powell's midsummer roses have finally opened with a crescendo that has disconcerted even his ablest admirers. (Mr. Evelyn Waugh's strangely tepid pronouncements in *The Spectator* are in their way a powerful tribute to the work in question, while Mr. V. S. Pritchett's cunning strictures on the type of society that Powell portrays appear to be a great critic's unconscious admission of creative defeat.) The wit, the pith, the observation, the cadences of Mr. Powell's art having long been asserted and taken for granted by most of us, the task now is to determine just why, in this present novel, he should have so transcended even his own method.

I can only adventure my own explanation. In *Casanova's Chinese Restaurant* the writer has finally unbraced himself. One's only quarrel with *Casanova's* immediate predecessors—*At Lady Molly's* and, before that, *The Acceptance World*—was that they contained a certain tightness, a constriction of feeling, that was absent in the

works of Mr. Powell's two compeers—Mr. Waugh and Mr. Henry Green. In his new novel this refusing and refraining mood has been entirely annihilated. Though the emotional mask is as deftly held up as ever, energy of heart is abundantly present in this book. Friendship, adultery, the mysterious depths of marriage (especially marriage amongst the English), ambition, failure, the whirligig of social time and the painful obviousnesses of alcohol, are penetrated with a skill and an absorption that are hardly to be found in any other contemporary English novelist. Stringham excites, as always; Widmerpool—like an Elizabethan audience at the Globe, we now wait for him, as for Falstaff—makes a short but an unforgettable appearance. Stringham's mother, Mrs. Foxe, reappears, in company with her husband 'Buster'; several new characters, including a very likeable queer and a dourly sympathetic Ulster music critic and his shrewish wife, emerge. The book deserves to be read clamorously by everyone of heart, taste, and intelligence.

After Powellian splendour one can only take a breather and have a brief round-up. Mr. Fenn's *The Golden Rule of General Wong* is, for once, exactly what its blurb indicates, namely 'a taut, ironical, and highly readable first novel'. The General himself is an excellent piece of Chiang Kai-shek legerdemain and the plot is admirably contrived.

Mr. Lewis's earlier novel, *The Fable and the Flesh*, aroused a good deal of favourable comment when it first appeared last year. His new book—the study of a family power struggle in the expense-account age—represents a steady advance that may well turn into a formidable talent. Mr. Lewis has a sustained bitterness of approach, combined with charity towards his characters, that is rare in the contemporary novel. His advice 'To the Unwary Reader' in his epigraph is taken from Ford Madox Ford on the English Novel. Besides being excellent advice in itself it perfectly explains Mr. Lewis's manner of proceeding, and I should like to quote it in full:

It might be as well to think about Fielding—as at once a dreadful example of how not to do things and as the begetter of the product that it is convenient to call the *nuvvle* as opposed to the novel. . . . For myself I am no moralist: I consider that if you do what you want you must take what you can get for it and that if you deny yourself things you will be better off than if you don't. But fellows like Fielding who pretend that if you are a gay drunkard, lecher, squanderer of your goods and fumbler in placket-holds you will eventually find yourself a benevolent uncle, concealed father or benefactor who will shower on you bags of ten thousands of guineas, estates and the hands of adorable mistresses—these fellows are dangers to the body politic and horribly bad constructors of plots.

Mr. Lewis is a horribly good constructor of plots. His characterization is lively, his action marches, and his only fault is that his prose is too over-blown—or, rather, that his very cleverness is inclined to go on for too long. One awaits his third novel with much interest.

Finally, there is Miss Lettice Cooper's new thriller. (I use the word in the fiercely addicted rather than in any denigratory sense.) Though Poe and Gaboriau were early exponents of this genre, it has remained (with the exception of Simonon, Chandler, and sundry lesser Americans) a peculiarly English product. *The Moonstone*, *Father Brown*, Lord Peter Wimsey in his 'blue period', Mr. Raymond Postgate's two Penguins, Sir Charles Snow's memorable *Death Under Sail* (1932), and the complete works of Miss Agatha Christie—these may be said to constitute the inner outline of dogma in whodunits.

Miss Cooper is in the true canonical succession. This is the first of her novels that I have read, and I shall now read back retrospectively. All I shall say about the present book is that it is admirably written, contains a true flavour of Italy (outside Rome and, later, within the walls) and that it contains an extraordinary twist—a leading up the garden path, rather—that I am still doubtful if the author intended. One day I should like to hear from her about it.

JOHN RAYMOND

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Up Against Summer

TAKING MY PLACE on the hearth at mid-summer, when the alternatives to television are, for most of us, more varied and compelling than at other seasons, I have realized as never before what the programme planners and producers are up against. If I, with an incentive to view regularly and objectively, find my reactions to an item coloured by such considerations as a cricket match in the village or the need to do something about the wilderness outside the house that once was a garden, how much more readily do those whose only purpose in viewing is to be entertained succumb to outside distractions?

Fortunately there was nothing to distract me from the enjoyment of watching Evelyn Waugh 'Face to Face' with John Freeman. This was a filmed interview and therefore possibly rehearsed, if only in a cursory way, and certainly edited. The result had most of the merits of a live broadcast, such as the anxious look in Mr. Waugh's eyes as Freeman, with his usual courteous preliminary disclaimers of any intention to offend, framed some of his more awkward questions; and Waugh's testiness.

The abrupt ending, in mid-answer, also smacked more of the live than the filmed transmission; and left one with the tantalizing feeling that testiness had at last given way to angry outburst which, unkindly, we should have liked to witness.

Derek Prouse's visit to the Yugoslav cartoon-film studios (June 27) was not, to my mind, up to the standard of his earlier performances in the 'Cinema Today' series. Prouse, uncharacteristically, was over-casual and patroniz-

ing in his interviewing, to the extent of badly muffing a director's name and then joking about it; and the film contained too many shots intended to be significant which seemed in fact to be irrelevant.

There was no straining after effect in the third part of the 'Life before Birth' series (June 28). Professors Harrison and Waddington and Dr. Anne McLaren explained how a fertilized egg becomes an embryo with a quiet matter-of-fact assurance that I, for one, was grateful for. I was grateful because once or twice during the programme I was gripped by a silly, momentary fear that we, i.e. man, after about two-and-a-half thousand years, were at last getting very close to the heart of the matter, and that if we were not careful we should unexpectedly stumble on it—and perhaps not like what we found.

Happily for the peace of my irrational mind it soon became apparent that the more the scien-



Evelyn Waugh 'Face to Face' with John Freeman on June 26

gesture with which to greet the fine new television studios at White City the Corporation began using that evening. Glimpses of the outside of the building given in the following entertainment suggested that a documentary based on this centre and its up-to-the-minute equipment would have made better viewing and a more appropriate send-off.

The programme of the week for my money (the Test match having ended early and too decisively and lawn tennis not being, frankly, my cup of tea) was 'Small World' (June 29), in which three American newspaperwomen exchanged barbed, good-humoured, knowledgeable comment on the state of journalism in their country. Some of the across-the-globe arguments in this series have been tedious to me either because the participants were too much in agreement, so that there was no spark, or because of the triviality of the subjects discussed. This time, though one of the ladies had rather more than her share of the talking time (but she was so forthright and amusing it scarcely mattered), all was lively, loud, and most entertaining—at any



Television cameras in operation, from the film *This is the B.B.C.*



From the Yugoslav cartoon film of a short story by Chekhov, 'The Avenger', shown in 'Cinema Today' on June 27

tists, biologists, and chemists discover the more there is to learn. How satisfying to have proved that the crucial stage in the development of a fertilized egg into an embryo is the folding in of one part of the egg's surface—and how comforting to gather that no one yet has the smallest notion of what makes the egg fold like that!

The film of an imaginary day in the life of those who work at Broadcasting House and Lime Grove (*This is the B.B.C.*, June 29) disappointed me in view of the acclaim it has had. It seemed to me neither more nor less interesting than a similar account of, say, life in a newspaper office, and inadequate as a

rate to journalists.

Afterwards, I wondered whether there were three British women journalists who could talk with so much knowledge and experience and—yes—feeling about the principles and practices of their craft. I hope there are.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Plays, 'Ploys', and Plots

DIDACTICISM has become something of a cult for the adventure story. The 'Western' has sat for some fairly hefty rejuvenation treatment in the last few years while the ills of society are exorcised on it. Television has tended to keep the genres apart. Now along comes Mr. Rod Serling's *A Town Has Turned to Dust* (July 3). This nobly bears—besides the burden of a spectacular production complete with horses—its cargo of guilt complexes. Weak authority, the malignancy of prejudice, subconscious primitivism,

racial enmity, the lethargy of conscience—these are some of society's cankers that get a grimace in.

A drought has baked a Southern American town dry of hope and charity. To the townsfolk the enforced inaction is a kind of death. The universe abhorring a vacuum, the store-keeper, Paul, sustained with a single-minded Satanism by Mr. Patrick Allen, acutely places himself near the point where fatigue is cracking the armour of law and order. As the accepted order, Sheriff Denton, crumbles, Paul is sucked in to lead the mob.

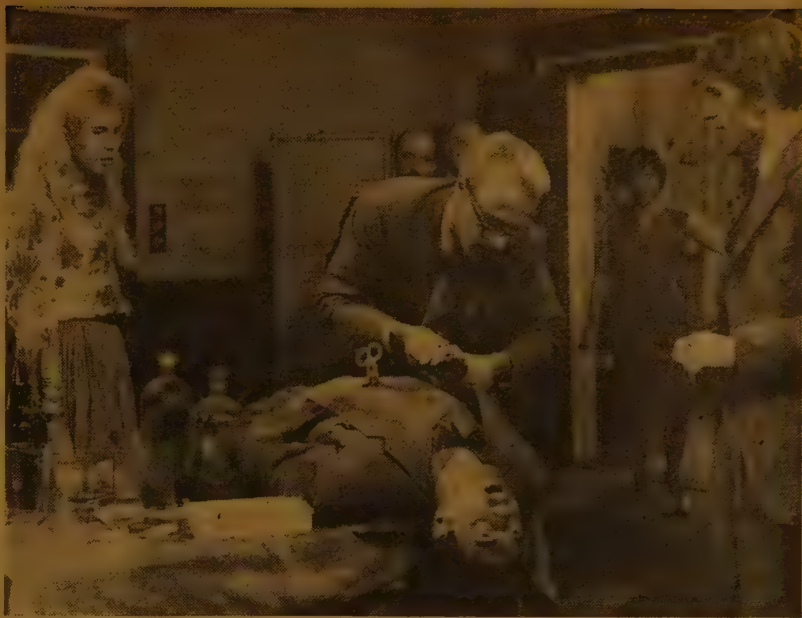
The mob perks up. Human sacrifice is an ancient custom for the conciliation of the gods. In no time a lynching party is on, and because nature always provides a victim once a cause has been found, a Mexican youth is seized. Reason has lost another round in its eternal fight with prejudice and hatred. Yet Mr. Serling is an optimist for, despite historical precedent in which prejudice appears always to carry the day effortlessly, his play unequivocally insists that somewhere, sometime, each of us must make a personal stand against its insidious corruption.

Whipped along at a breathless pace and with mounting excitement, the play was strong in atmosphere—sometimes melodramatically so—short-weighted in emotive writing and obviously a drama producer's dream script. Mr. Alvin Rakoff enjoyed a good night. His deep claustrophobic lighting was balanced by the tension and movement of his groupings. The play, although set on a realistic level, moved along its course with the muscular inevitability of a Greek tragedy towards its catharsis with death.

Yet there is a flaw in it, I think, and one concerning the central character. The sheriff's defeat in the early part is too abrupt and his redemption at the end too pat. Even in realistic drama, Denton demanded to be forged a shade larger than life, to be capable of the possibility of defying Fate. Instead he was cast in the latter-day heroic style of the Big Daddy, with the soft centre showing seductively all round like the halo on a medieval fresco. Mr. Rod Steiger forced a bravura performance from the part, as unafraid of displaying emotion as a man who doesn't know what fear is. He made Denton a run-down power station of a man, and by doing so suggested that present weaknesses stemmed from past successes. Television, like sound radio, must needs rely disproportionately on the voice. Mr. Steiger controlled his with panache. He brought off several most stylish solos, in particular his description of an earlier lynching as he lay flat on his back in the gutter.

Quite free of educational ploys was Miss Margery Allingham, whose new thriller *Death of a Ghost* (June 27) now enlivens our Monday evenings. This author gained deserved acclamation last year with her sophisticated *Dancers in Mourning*. Her allusive distilling of atmosphere from the interaction of disparate characters won my admiration then. Again the fascinatingly rich auras of the *dramatis personae* as they assembled at as deliciously arty a gathering as ever disgraced a posthumous unveiling was as assured. With so many egos out for scalps I was only surprised that there weren't more stabbings.

Miss Allingham excels in 'ripe' creations, in the slightly 'wacky' character we cross the road to avoid but continue to stare at open-mouthed. The sharp camera cutting drew us unnervingly into the vortex, though I thought the actual



Scene from the first episode of *Death of a Ghost*, with (left to right) Jane Jordan Rogers as Marianne Lafcadio, Edward Cast (on table) as Tommy Dacre, Bernard Horsfall as Albert Campion, Susan Castle as Rosa Dacre, and Robert Bernal as Tennyson Potter

murder rather muffed. From where I was sitting I swear her detective, Campion, did it himself. The mechanics of the plot too might have been clearer. The future will show.

With more past already than future, *The Days of Vengeance* (June 29, Wednesdays), a police thriller supposedly relying on character, remains abysmal. A breakfast cereal cartoon character is a psychological case-book beside these paper-thin light waves.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jnr.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Mixed Bag

WHEN A NEW SERIOUSLY comic dramatist manages to remind me of passages in one of the better Marx Brothers films I think more highly of the new drama. There has been no better practitioner of the alienation effect than Groucho, and the combined brothers had a gift for pursuing language and logic to the point when they were unbearable, and then going further. *Lunch Hour* by John Mortimer (Third, June 25) recalled an argument in which Groucho begins with an imaginary house and is swept by the power of his own advocacy into passionate indignation over the ill-usage of the people living next door. Mr. Mortimer's half-hour play was less brutal in disjuncting reality from fantasy but it was mad enough and relentlessly explored the dangers of plausible eloquence.

The Man (Stephen Murray) who has taken a Girl from his office (Wendy Craig) to a hotel bedroom near Euston has his dream of love progressively demolished as the Girl discovers the elaborate tale he has told the landlady in order to preserve respectability. She very reasonably dislikes what she finds in his imagination and resents the

injustice done to the wife he has pretended that she is. The Boy (Glen Grant), a preposterous and explanatory son of the unseen Manageress, acts as Messenger, Distraction, and Fury. As a farcical moral tale of the dangers of detailed lying it almost came off. The talk followed fast and was coherently unreasonable; but in these impossibilities the spell is broken easily. One can't grouse about lack of realism, but I found the interrupting Boy too aggressive, and was bothered by the Girl's talk of poverty and by her cockney accent.

The Man of Mode and *The Country Wife* had prepared us for *The Way of the World* (Third, June 28) and may slightly have blunted its power to astonish. Congreve took on a number of characters and attitudes from his predecessors—the railing, scandal-mongering fop is familiar and so is his willingness to swallow insult. The morals and affectations are established even to a preliminary statement by Etherege of Milla-mant's part in the 'dwindling into a wife' duet. Yet the great set-pieces remain marvellous in their extravagance and charm. Of Millamant it is enough to say that she was played by Edith Evans. As Mirabell, John Gielgud was at first oddly hesitant but soon warmed to the plotting and fencing. Margaret Rutherford's Lady Wishfort was splendid in her indigestion of widowhood, a fine fishwife in her tirades, and even touching in her plan to turn shepherdess. Some of the intrigue is hard to follow or credit, but those contriving ladies Mistress Fainall (June Tobin) and Mistress Marwood (Lydia Sherwood) schemed and squabbled prettily, and Sir Wilfull Witwoud (Alexander Gauge) was shy and drunk and downright with convincing moderation.

It often happens when novels are translated into plays that complexities of characterization seem a muddle and the symbolic intentions of



Rod Steiger (left) as Sheriff Harvey Denton and Patrick Allen as Jerry Paul in *A Town Has Turned to Dust*

authors cloudily high-minded. Donald McWhinnie's production of *The Mark of the Warrior* (Home, June 27) from a novel by Paul Scott went in and out of focus in just this fashion. The action, though complex, was kept clear and exciting, and the management of atmosphere in the operations in the jungle was sensitive and confident. But the business about some soldiers becoming natural killers in the forest sounded like superstitious nonsense and the death of a young man while working out how his brother must have died, pattern-making without much meaning. The interpolations by unnamed voices exhorting or contradicting the chief characters added nothing in meaning to the play and made one wonder vaguely what the supernatural powers were up to. There were, however, few such interruptions, and the story itself, uninterpreted, was a good one.

Mr. Bringle's *Sea Change* by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones (Home, June 30) was a smooth-running pleasantly acted moral tale about an interfering politician being taught to respect the navy by undergoing a submarine cruise. Kipling punished similar cads more harshly for their ignorance of India, but the formula has hardly changed at all.

Experts on famous murder trials would know immediately whether *The Wallace Case* by Robert Gore-Browne (Home, July 2) was founded on fact or merely fictitious. I didn't know and only gradually deduced that it must be largely documentary. In pure fiction they would have had to tell us who really killed Julia Wallace and it was mildly irritating to be left guessing after hearing a plea for sympathy for her accused husband. The production by Noel Iliff was admirably tense and clear—in street and tram scenes as well as in court. A little extra labelling of the semi-documentary play could do no harm.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Invisible Export

 SINCE BROADCASTING WOULD NOT exist without an audience, the critic must keep an eye on the varying climate of public opinion. Radio criticism is not only specific comments on specific programmes; it must embrace general considerations of policy and taste. And so I should like to support the General Secretary of the Association of Broadcasting Staff, who recently wrote to *The Times* about the Government's policy for overseas broadcasts.

'It is', he said, 'quite clear that the money now made available for overseas services will not provide anything like the same amount of broadcasting as it did ten years ago'. West Germany and the United Arab Republic are now broadcasting 600 hours a week, between them, to foreign countries. 'Is it too much to hope that our own Government might reverse what appears to be a long-term policy of attenuation, and seek to restore through the medium of Britain's once most popular "invisible export" some of the influence in international affairs which we have seen so gravely diminished since 1951?' It would indeed be an excellent thing if the Government gave more moral and financial backing to this invisible export. British broadcasting remains of unchallenged quality and huge potential importance. We cannot afford not to use it to the full.

Talking of exports, it has long been evident that some of the best sound broadcasting comes from Wales. Dylan Thomas apart, Welsh writers have a delightful awareness of words, a feeling for language as music; and Welsh producers give us some of the most distinguished programmes

on the air. So I much looked forward to 'Croesor' (Third Programme, June 29) for the old and new inhabitants of this north Welsh village were to speak for themselves and portray their village by implication. There was something rich and decidedly strange about this programme: some of the conversation had the weird off-beat feeling of Mr. Pinter's *Caretaker* ('If you stay in your own place you don't do any harm to anyone, do you?').

The village emerged as a Shangri-la, with a postmistress who read thrillers and a village school with eight pupils ('but it's when a school goes down to five...'), said Mrs. Morgan-the-school. 'I have heard tales of Monday morning', muttered one inhabitant, darkly, insisting that the pubs should be closed on Sunday. But they were 'very fond of the English', and welcomed 'all creeds and colours'; and there, amid birdsong and tinny pianos, the English intelligentsia had moved in to become part of the natural fauna and escape from civilization. The running commentary might have been bettered, but 'Croesor' remained a distinctly haunting programme.

Alas, I cannot say the same of 'Portrait of a Port' (Home Service, June 27). There have been some good miniature features tucked away, modestly, after the six o'clock news, but this was much below the usual standard. It is, of course, hard to compress a twenty-four-hour day into a mere twenty minutes; but a competent producer would have found it a 'pastime to be bound'. As it was, we had some embarrassing platitudes from a ship's captain on the value of international exchanges, and some highly staged conversations between passengers, policemen, and stewards. We were told that 20,000 pieces of linen were sent to the laundry after Bank Holiday crossings to and from the Hook of Holland. We heard the bar being stocked on ship, and sirens sounding and engines being shunted. We heard some entirely irrelevant cinema music. And Harwich? We had no idea of it at all.

We had a good many ideas about the Abominable Snowman by the time we had heard Mr. Durrell's programme (Home Service, June 26); but the ideas must remain queries even now. Is the creature a timid yak or a yeti, a boojum or a red-haired animal five feet six inches high? We cannot tell, for the Snowman made its debut in a published journal in 1820 and has since been as elusive as the Pimpernel. In any case, sound broadcasting, unlike television, can exercise our imaginations, and Mr. Durrell's scholarly treasure-hunt made good listening.

And, finally, a talk. I am all in favour of first-hand impressions of the famous; and though Beatrice Forbes-Robertson had only a slight acquaintance with la Duse and Sarah Bernhardt, and though her talk was rambling and some of her tales too familiar, and though I thought I detected one inaccuracy, she gave us (Home Service, June 26) a good impression of character. Yes, there was 'a kind of stillness' about Eleonora Duse; and behind Sarah's graciousness one felt 'the possibility of a tigress'. Eleonora had a spiritual quality; Sarah was a magnificent *cabotine*. But Sarah was also a woman among women; and she must have turned in her grave at Père Lachaise to hear that her silhouette 'was like that of George IV', or that 'she was, of course, a tremendous sport'.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



MONTEVERDI AND SCHUBERT were almost the only big names—there was one Mozart chamber music programme—in an otherwise rather musically barren week. Schubert (Mass in E flat and the *Gesang der*

The 'Vespers'

Geister über den Wassern (Third, June 30)) came to us from the Festival Hall, and Monteverdi from the Minster at York (Third, July 2) where the first of the summer music festivals was taking place as a prelude to Cheltenham, which will be in full swing when these lines appear.

The great *Vespro della Beata Vergine*, commonly known as *The Vespers*, was composed in 1610 when Monteverdi was *maestro di cappella* at Mantua. It embodies most of his technical innovations in both choral and instrumental writing and is one of the earliest examples of a definitely dramatic approach to a religious theme. Given in Walter Goehr's now more or less established edition and under his direction, *The Vespers* were sung by the choristers of York Minster, the Sheffield Philharmonic Chorus, and a distinguished team of soloists, supported by a section of the London Symphony Orchestra. It is good to hear great masterpieces from past centuries if only because they are such convincing evidence that, so far as the arts at least are concerned, 'progress' cannot be measured in terms of time but only in terms of absolute values which are outside time. Whereas in technology and the applied sciences, notably in medicine and surgery, the latest techniques are likely to be the best, in music and the other arts a discovery made 300 years ago need not be affected by the passage of time and may well be as fresh and valid today as ever it was. Thus to speak of one kind of music, or one epoch, as being more 'advanced' than another is meaningless.

One has only to listen to a work like Monteverdi's *Vespers* to be convinced of this. The man was obviously the Stravinsky of his day—a magician who could make music do whatever he wished, a master in the art of manipulating sound. He did achieve fame in his lifetime, but curiously enough was soon forgotten. For, as Henri Prunières in his study of the composer points out, the seventeenth century was so conscious that the art of music was still in its infancy that it tended to look upon any work more than twenty years old as being hopelessly out of date. A somewhat drastic attitude; but all the same it would perhaps not be a bad thing if a similar sort of approach could be cultivated among those who are at present constitutionally allergic to contemporary music—a phenomenon that was unknown in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when no one had ears for anything else.

But to return to Monteverdi: the impact made by this broadcast on at least one listener was overwhelming. In York Minster it would surely have been still more so; a cathedral is of course the perfect setting for such music. It seemed to me that, making due allowance for the natural resonance of the building and the nature of the work, the problems confronting the sound engineers on an occasion of this kind had been, on the whole, successfully overcome and a fair balance maintained between the choral and instrumental ensembles. I am not going to criticize the performance or single out any soloist for special praise; the main point I want to make is that the work as a whole 'came over' satisfactorily, giving the listener every opportunity to admire its astonishing vigour and passion—its rhythmic variety, its uninhibited expressiveness and dramatic tension and, above all, the sheer beauty of individual numbers such as, for example, the *Ave Maris stella*, *Nigra sum*, and the *Magnificat*. The curious baroque instrumental *Sonata* (Variations) that accompanies the *Sancta Maria ora pro nobis* is an excellent example of Monteverdi's interest in virtuosity for its own sake which he occasionally allows to take the upper hand. The impression one retains of the performance as a whole is one of amazement at the extraordinary vitality and startling originality of this 350-year-old master-

piece and a feeling of gratitude to the organizers of the York Festival for including it in their programmes and, may I add, to the B.B.C. for broadcasting it.

Earlier in the week I listened to another concert coming from York Minster (Home, July 1) given by the very talented Italian instrumental ensemble who call themselves *I Musici*. In a programme mainly devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *concerti grossi* they played with well-oiled precision, impeccable *ensemble*

and full tone. If they have a fault, it would seem to be a certain lack of tonal and dynamic variety of which one was conscious at times; but their artistry is undeniable.

I would not like to end without awarding full marks to Humphrey Searle's delightful musical commentary on two of the most reprehensible characters in T. S. Eliot's feline rogue's gallery of *Practical Cats* (Third, July 2). I had never before thought of the piccolo as an instrument capable of making one's blood curdle, but used

as it is here to underline the awful fate that overtook *Growltiger*, it certainly produced that effect on me. . . . And the 'flutter-tongue' flutings that set the scene for the nefarious activities of *Macavity*, the *Mystery Cat* leave everything to the imagination—which is as it should be when mysteries are afoot. Bernard Keffe declaimed with relish Eliot's ruthless verses, and the musical commentary was in the capable hands of the *Musica da Camera* instrumental group.

ROLLO H. MYERS

'Paradise and the Peri'

By JOAN CHISSELL

Schumann's 'secular oratorio' will be broadcast at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, July 10 (Home Service)



'THUS IT IS throughout human life: the goal once reached is no longer a goal, and we aim, and strive, and wish to get higher, until our eyes close, and our exhausted soul lies slumbering in the tomb . . . ' Schumann was only eighteen when he wrote those words to his mother. Yet no chronicler looking back on his life could more aptly have summarized his story, with its systematic toil up a ladder of imagined progress from piano music in turn to songs, orchestral music, chamber music, and works for voices and orchestra—cantatas, oratorios, and even an opera. Today, it takes a century of his death, or as at the moment, a hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, for any concert-giving organization to get out the score of any of his later, larger works, such as *Genoveva* or *Paradise and the Peri*; the Schumann we habitually honour is the inspired romantic miniaturist of the piano works and songs, music enshrining the magic of a passing moment, and nearly all of it written before he was much past thirty.

But to Schumann himself at the time, sensitive to criticism of his early works as mere 'aphoristic and fragmentary revellings in strangeness', and anxious to establish his reputation in academic circles for the sake of his wife and family, the only road to salvation seemed to lie in the conquest of ambitious forms. Accordingly in 1843, at the age of thirty-three, he turned for inspiration, not to the four-line stanza of lyric verse which had sustained him so richly in the past, but to an extended narrative poem, *Paradise and the Peri*, for his first venture into the realms of choral music with its full paraphernalia of soloists, chorus, and orchestra.

Oriental Romance

The poem itself comes from Thomas Moore's oriental romance, *Lalla Rookh*, where it stands as one of the several perfumed effusions with which the fictitious, mysterious Feramorz (in reality the noble bridegroom in disguise) regaled the beautiful princess Lalla Rookh on the long journey from her father's home in Delhi to her nuptials in Kashmir. Appearing in 1817, *Lalla Rookh* had so instantaneous a success that it was translated into innumerable languages, both European and oriental, and it was the German version which was sent to Schumann in the early eighteen-forties by his old schoolfriend, Emil Flechsig.

His delight in it was two-fold. In the first place the exoticism of the East had an irresistible lure for all writers, musicians, and artists of the German romantic movement, always anxious to blend an element of strangeness with the beautiful. In the second place, *Paradise and the Peri* is a story with an underlying moral of repentance

as the road to heaven. Moore's Peri (like all her sisters in Persian mythology) is an outcast spirit, a fallen angel, anxious to gain readmission to paradise; this she can only do by returning from her earthly wanderings with 'the gift that is most dear to heaven'. From India she brings back the last drop of a hero's blood shed in the cause of liberty, from Egypt she returns with the last sigh of a maiden who has chosen to die beside her plague-stricken lover. But it is not till the Peri returns from Syria with the tear of a repentant sinner that the gates of Paradise open to let her in.

Growth of Middle-class Piety

At no time in his life could Schumann be described as an orthodox believer, and it was not till he came under the emotional sway of Roman Catholicism in Düsseldorf in later years that he turned to the setting of liturgical words, in a Mass and Requiem. Yet his characteristically German, middle-class sense of moral piety grew increasingly strong as he settled down to middle life and marriage, and rarely did any subject attract him for extended musical setting unless it was ennobled by awareness of guilt, remorse, repentance, or self-sacrifice. Besides *Paradise and the Peri*, *Faust*, *Genoveva*, *Manfred*, and the *Pilgrimage of the Rose* all contain a moral message of one kind or another.

Thus in attempting to place *Paradise and the Peri* in a musical genre, Schumann described it as 'an oratorio—not for the conventicle, but for bright, happy people'. His model may well have been Löwe's *John Huss*, which in his review of 1842 he described as half-way between oratorio and opera, and more suitable for performance in the concert hall than the church. Though Moore's poem is written as a continuous narrative, the Peri's three distinct journeys to India, Egypt, and Syria enabled Schumann to divide his work up into three sections. Within each section the music is more or less through-composed with choruses and arias flowing into each other without any sharp break and with a lyrical kind of arioso taking the place of conventional recitative. Such innovations earned Schumann harsh criticism from 'Philistine' critics such as Rellstab, though Schumann himself far-sightedly recognized his continuity of style as 'an advantage showing genuine and palpable improvement'. Besides considerably cutting the poem Schumann also altered and amplified it in places so as to allow all protagonists to speak for themselves instead of merely being described. Yet there is still too much descriptive story-telling for both the chorus and various solo voices outside the action to make a dramatic presentation of the work feasible, even if it were desirable.

'It is my greatest work and I hope my best'

was Schumann's own comment on *Paradise and the Peri* soon after its completion, adding that it contained his 'heart's blood'. To what extent does the judgment of posterity substantiate the composer's estimate of his first important essay in an extended choral form? There is no doubt whatsoever that the memorable moments are those in which Schumann became a youthful romanticist again, with his imagination taking light from poetic imagery—notably in the evocation of the subtle mystery and splendour of the East. Early in the work a drastic enharmonic modulation from the three aerial sharps of A major into the four deep-hued flats of A flat major at the Peri's words:

I know the wealth hidden in every urn
Wherein the red rubies of Chilminar burn

gives forewarning of Schumann's feeling for the exotic, but it is with the seductive ripple of the waters of the Nile (sung by the chorus of the Genii of the Nile to words added to Moore's text by the composer himself) early in the Second Part, and still more with the chorus of Houris at the start of Part Three (to words again added by Schumann) with its reiterated rhythmic bare fifths in the bass and triangle, big drum and cymbals in the orchestral accompaniment, that the composer is at his most original and daring.

Battle Music and Poignant Lament

There are other bold, descriptive strokes in the battle music in the First Part, and in the bleakly orchestrated, chromatic chords depicting the plague-stricken region in the Second. And for purely emotional expression the poignant chorus of lament after the hero's death in the First Part should not be overlooked. In the writing for solo voices there is much that is delicately and often plangently beautiful, though here the overall similarity of both arioso and aria results in a certain monotony; without resorting to anything as archaic as recitative for contrast, the composer could profitably have pitched his characters' personal reflective observations in a higher emotional key than that of the arioso used for impersonal commentary.

The only serious disappointments in the work are those massive, homophonic choruses in which Schumann was aiming and striving to get highest, i.e., by directing thoughts from earth to heaven through the employment of a more conventionally academic, oratorio-like style. There is a gallant attempt at fugal texture at 'For blood must holy be' in the conclusion to Part One, but Schumann's belated effort to acquire contrapuntal mastery in middle life only too often (as here) weakened the originality and individuality of his harmonic idiom. In sum, then, the listener to this revival will enjoy Schumann's earthly travels with the Peri, but he will not quite get to Paradise.

Britain and the European Common Market

(continued from page 4)

union among the European peoples', and practical pressures are likely to increase the degree of unified action which will be needed, particularly in monetary matters. Perhaps, in time, the members will decide for federal union as the German Confederation decided after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, but as things stand the Community is certainly not a federation; the power to tax (the ultimate prerogative of governments) is left entirely in the hands of national states; and the only representatives of national groups who have continuing and effective power are the representatives of national governments and not direct representatives of the population.

At the same time, the Community goes a good deal beyond the ordinary degree of international co-operation, by its use of majority voting on many matters closely concerning individual countries, by the presence of a powerful international bureaucracy, and by the growing importance of international pressure groups. None of these is new—Britain has accepted some degree of all of them in the United Nations, O.E.E.C., Nato, and the rest—but what is new is the degree of intimacy of contact between nations which they are designed to produce.

The majority voting system in the Council of Ministers of the European Economic Community is much less demanding than one might imagine; and the chances under it of a major country being compelled to do something it does not like are much less than would have been the case in the voting system proposed at Paris by Britain for the free trade area. The position among the

Six is fairly simple. Many important matters can or will be decided by a weighted majority vote. In practice, Luxembourg's vote will generally not affect the issue and can be ignored. As for the others, the position is that a large country (France, Germany, or Italy) can be overruled only by a combined vote of all the other countries; while a small country (Holland or Belgium) can be overruled only by the three large countries acting together.

Closely related to this is the matter of the power enjoyed by the supranational executive, the Commission sitting in Brussels. Its power is so great because (in all important cases) only its proposals can be the subject of a majority vote in the Council of Ministers. The Ministers must either vote for or against the Commission's proposals; if they want to amend them, they can do so only by unanimous vote. Broadly speaking, then, it is the international executive—the Commission—which proposes and usually the Council of Ministers which disposes.

All of this means that the decisions of the Community will be based on a complex and subtle interplay of forces: the Commission, the national governments, and pressure groups acting both on governments and the Commission. The Commission, in proposing policies to the Council of Ministers, will do its best to make sure that its proposals are acceptable to an adequate majority before they are made formal. National governments will have every opportunity to bargain to get the things they consider to be in their national interests; but at the same

time will always be inclined to bend to a compromise solution rather than appear to be obstructive to the general interest of the Community as a whole.

The big question that remains is whether this highly empirical system is stable; can it be operated indefinitely, or must it either disintegrate into ordinary international co-operation, or move towards federation? Clearly, the answer depends partly on the will of the members. But I can see no reason why this confederate system should not work satisfactorily, in view of the fact that it possesses a major attribute not enjoyed by confederations in the past—a powerful executive.

I think we can expect that European integration will be pushed further as the years go on. But the really important fact is that this process will be pragmatic. If we join the Community we shall not submerge our national identity, any more than de Gaulle is willing to submerge that of France. What is being built is *l'Europe des patries*. Joining the Community would mean accepting that our destiny lies with Europe, and that our economic and ultimately our political policies must be worked out on a basis of intimacy with Europe. The sort of intimacy will be that of a family group, where individuals retain their own personalities and have on many matters the right to go their own way and spend their income as they like; but where their actions are circumscribed by a regard for the common interests of the whole household.—*Third Programme*

Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Heat 1

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FIRST HEAT of a new inter-county competition was broadcast in Network Three on July 5 at the new time of 7.0 p.m. on Tuesday. The competitors were Mrs. P. A. Broke and Mrs. L. H. Allwood (Norfolk), and Colonel and Mrs. R. D. Telfer (Devon).

The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand, held by South at love all:

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
♠ K	♥ Q 6 2	♦ J 10 5 3	♣ K Q J 8 6	
(1) ?				
(2) No ?	No		1S	1N.T.
(3) No ?	No		1S	No
(4) No 2C ?	No	No	1S 2H	No
(5) No ?	No	No	1H	1S

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) No Bid: a poor opening, but consolation point for One Club.

(2) Double: an obvious call after partner has opened.

(3) Two Clubs: a consolation point for 2 No Trumps. South should not make an overbid of Three Clubs or 3 No Trumps simply because he has passed originally.

(4) Three Hearts and 2 No Trumps equally good.

(5) Little to choose between Three Hearts, Two Hearts, and a developing bid of Two Clubs.

At the end of this part of the 'quiz' both teams had scored 13 points out of 20. They were then asked to bid the following hands in partnership, with West the dealer at game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 10 8 6 5 4	♠ K
♥ A K 9 6 3	♥ 7
♦ 3 2	♦ K Q 9 8 7 4
♣ A	♣ K J 6 4 3

The best mark was for Three Diamonds, with consolation for Four Diamonds or 2 No Trumps. In one of Britain's matches in the recent World Olympiad Reese and Mr. Schapiro managed to stop in Three Diamonds

after the following auction: One Spade—Two Diamonds; Two Hearts—Three Clubs; Three Diamonds—No Bid.

The present competitors did not show equal discretion. The bidding of the Norfolk pair was the same up to West's Three Diamonds, but East then jumped to Five Diamonds. The Devon West rebid Three Hearts over Three Clubs; East then went to Three Spades. West passed, but this again was an unsatisfactory contract.

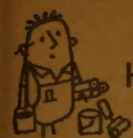
Since the scores were level, the following question was posed to break the tie:

Playing the diamond suit above, suppose that you lead low to the queen and the 10 falls on your right. You return to hand and lead the 3, your left-hand opponent again playing low. Do you now go up with the king or finesse the 9?

It is better to play the king for this reason: if the opponent over the K Q had A 10 alone he would probably win the first round; therefore he is more likely to have a doubleton J 10.

Both Norfolk players answered correctly, one of the Devon players incorrectly. That left Norfolk narrow winners of a good contest.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



How to Protect Wallpaper

IN A HOUSE where there are children, or where the dining-table has to be close to a wall, it is almost impossible to avoid finger-marks, grease-spots, and so on, marring the wallpaper. The washable wallpapers are a help, but, more often than not, one cannot buy the pattern one wants in a washable quality. This is where the wallpaper protective solutions come in.

Most of these solutions are made from what is called a 'p.v.a.' emulsion—that is the same vinyl base that the majority of emulsion paints are made from—and one can apply them easily with a brush. In some cases one can also use a spray gun or roller. Once the wallpaper has been treated with the protective solution it is not only sealed against dirt, grease, and sticky things like jam, but the surface can be washed repeatedly. Even things like egg-yolk or shoe polish can be washed off, although with oily or greasy things you will probably need to use a cloth that has been moistened with a little turpentine.

It is as well to apply these solutions rather generously. If you are using a brush, use a fairly large one, such as a three or four inch, making sure it is perfectly clean before you start. It is also a good plan to apply the solution with quick, broad strokes.

I expect you are wondering whether these protective solutions are liable to change the appearance of the wallpaper in any way. There is no hard and fast rule about this. The metallic prints, such as gold and silver, are the most likely to change, and one also gets some degree of change with the various satin effects. Then

again, some of the solutions dry down with a fairly strong sheen, while others dry absolutely flat, and one cannot see where the solution has been applied. But most of the wallpapers are either not changed at all or the change is small enough not to be noticed. However, it is not advisable to apply these solutions to only one section of a wall. It is much better, if you do not want to treat the whole room, at any rate to treat the whole of one wall.

DAVID ROE

—'Today' (Home Service)

Stuffed Bacon

For this use an economical cut of best streaky bacon. After soaking the bacon for 2 or 3 hours to remove any excess saltiness, spread a stuffing mixture over the inside surface, roll up, and tie

securely. Wrap in foil, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half: it is delicious, hot or cold.

The stuffing I use is made with 4 oz. of sausage meat, a small chopped onion, dried herbs and parsley, mixed well with the yolk of an egg and some grated lemon rind. When the bacon is cooked, remove the rind, and sprinkle the fat with toasted breadcrumbs.

For a small family a 'gammon slipper' makes a good meal for a picnic: a close-grained, lean cut, oval in shape, weighing about 1½ lbs. Simmer it very slowly in enough water to cover, with 2 tablespoons of black treacle or golden syrup. Leave the gammon to cool in the water it was cooked in as this makes it easier to carve into slices.

ANNE WILD

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

ALAN DAY (page 3): Reader in Economics, London University; author of *The Economics of Money*, (with Sterie Theodore Beza) *Money and Income*, etc.

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parative Anatomy, London University; author of *Sexual Behaviour in Society*, *The Biology of Senescence*, etc.

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GEOFFREY WAGNER (page 27): teaches at Columbia University and the City College, New York; author of *Parade of Pleasure*, etc.

JOAN CHISSELL (page 37): a music critic of *The Times*; author of *Schumann*

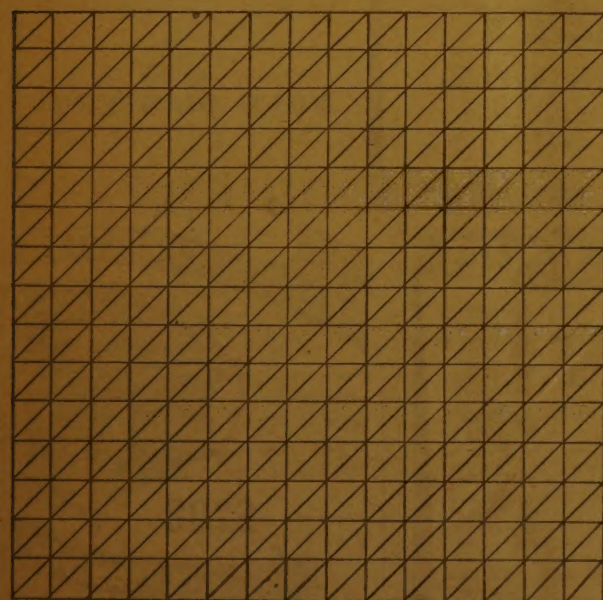
Crossword No. 1,571.

N-E-W-S.

By Jac

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The puzzle, when the 'blacks' have been filled in, is symmetrical about the centre. There are two solutions; the 'design' is the same for each solution, and the letters of the lights of each solution are to be entered respectively on the bottom right and top left of the diagonals of the squares. The clues are in sequence starting with those across and finishing with those down, and all the lights of both solutions have something in common. Punctuation and accents are to be ignored.

CLUES

- (a) A Scotsman may follow her but the German follows the lead of Calvin
- (b) Variety of crush obtained in a French dance. There may be gin on tap, too
- (c) The opposite is always portrayed in a tune Vera Lynn sings but in one from Ron Delaney it's apposite
- (d) General against the Nazis—and where they faced their stiffest trial
- (e) Scots call outside a place where Kath maybe collects (s)'s joint
- (f) Held, first, without a male and, secondly, in one
- (g) Right, a little nitric oxide a little before morning!
- (h) Nothing has changed in storm—but hark, it's changed in a bad gale (two words)!
- (i) Secure harbour—for loading various builders' accessories into Nansen's ship?
- (j) Mother embraces a former Home Secretary—he first gets her heartlessly upset, though
- (k) One work follows others the Editor has to send back
- (l) A tub returns without one sailor and a man is embraced by another
- (m) Returning some lubricant to a doughboy, green little Tommy might think the T.U.C. was founded here
- (n) A turncoat with no following returns a greeting without alternative

- (o) A Pole's in a bad way here yet the gossip's almost cold in Scotland
- (p) Wager a note (just a thousand at first) and finish in the red, perhaps
- (q) Suspend a dog by its neck—a somewhat dirty one, with a broken shinbone
- (r) Possibly fresh-water fish, and nothing else—cans somehow find their way in later
- (s) Smuggled in perfume, woman? It's false!
- (t) There, for example, is some tapestry
- (u) Member of an order with an earnest following, and one taking part in festivity
- (v) Madam's heart is thus encompassed, but little is encompassed by heartless little Edward
- (w) Behold, a Communist gets in—a snake, wouldn't you say?
- (x) Take a photo away, eh, then mop up round the start of (d) and write with aspiration
- (y) Othello takes in a dormant bat and dresses it up in a tattered kimono
- (z) Not a new man at chess, unless, of course, made of this timber
- (aa) Cervidae in hiding beside a Welsh lake? The reverse, in a way, being neither in hiding nor necessarily in Wales!
- (bb) I rush about inside, affected by insanity after a bit of a party
- (cc) A pile-driver's monkey's either dull in the head or else, perhaps, in the tail
- (dd) A heavy blow on capsize a Scottish tug in the ocean
- (ee) Raise one way or another
- (ff) Though plain, perhaps, to be seen, it is oft curtailed when 'crossed out'

Solution of No. 1,569

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
N	E	S	S	M	I	N	A	I	F	O	R	E	
O	R	A	C	E	U	T	B	E	R	I	E	S	
P	Y	A	M	E	N	I	A	P	A	Y	D	A	P
Q	A	V	E	L	I	E	S	I	F	E	R	R	Y
R	E	A	I	S	C	R	E	T	I	O	N	S	
S	O	I	T	E	I	D	Y	L	L	S	M	L	
T	I	L	E	X	P	A	G	E	I	T	O	E	
U	I	M	E	S	A	L	E	A	I	D	R	Y	
V	E	P	E	E	L	I	L	T	R	I	M	S	
W	A	R	I	K	R	I	B	I	K	E	S	A	M
X	P	O	E	T	S	E	D	I	T	O	N		
Y	T	O	D	S	M	A	N	P	A	R	R	Y	
Z													

1st prize: D. R. Laver (Worthing); 2nd prize: R. A. Mostyn (London, S.E.18); 3rd prize: Mrs. S. Wilson (Cheltenham).

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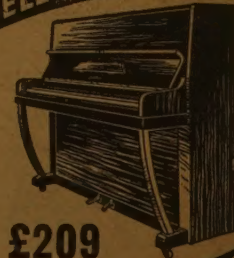
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